TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 4, No. 23 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, MAY 2, 1891. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 179

## Around Town.

Recently a deputation waited upon Attorney-General Mowat in favor of the amendment in the Ontario Medical Act, which would make the practice of faith cure and Christian science a serious offence. It is said that Mr. B. B. Osler while arguing in favor of the amendment and finding Mr. Mowat opposed to granting what was being asked for, got off one of those sharp sayings for which he is so celebrated. "I am not surprised," said he, "in view of the Attorney-General's recent pamphlet on the Evidences of Christianity, that he is not in favor of making a crime in the nineteenth century of what was a miracle in the first."

***

Rev. Manley Benson preached last Sunday on "Gossips"—a good subject. I want to preach for a few minutes on the scandal monger, who, without regard to sex, is a despicable character and yet to a greater or less degree ninety-five per cent. of men and women in both the upper and lower walks of life cannot conceal the interest they take in other people's conduct and affairs. It is not natural that they should do so. New things are scarce and it takes a well balanced mind to reject as unworthy of being listened to, the comments of companions who have something to say about their neighbors. If the mere mention of a fact unaccompanied by a damaging tone, a wag of the head or a cruel innuendo ended the matter, so much harm would not be done. However, people who make remarks even innocently and without desire to tarnish a reputation, must remember that the mind of the one hearing them may be in such a condition as to take a wrong meaning from what is said. As it is so difficult to speak of another's conduct without doing harm and as people are so fond of gossiping, it certainly behooves those who desire to keep their reputation unclouded to conduct themselves in the most circumspect manner. To no one does this apply more than to the young and attractive married woman. From having had many admirers and a great deal of liberty she passes into a sphere where she should have but one privileged admirer of the male sex and no liberties as far as flirtations are concerned. It is difficult for her to realize that this change has come about. Indeed, her very loneliness inclines her to surround herself with masculine friends who may in a measure supply the excitement and mixed companionship to which she has been accustomed. If she does so she may as well understand from the very beginning that she is sowing the seeds of discord and taking innumerable chances of that dreadful condition known as being "talked about." We may despise Mrs. Grundy, but we should take great pains not to give Mrs. Grundy reason to despise us.

***

In my walks this fine weather I occasionally meet a young and very handsome married woman in company with a man who is neither her husband nor a gentleman. He bends over her and she gazes up at him in a very confidential way while they stroll along, as if anxious not to be overheard. I do not know how the husband feels about it, but I have such thorough confidence in her innate goodness and honesty that I wish that I were her mother for about fifteen or twenty minutes and thereby privileged to give her a talking to and the other maternal *etcetera*. I have heard half a dozen people mention the matter, not one of them said a word against her, but when they spoke of her husband they wondered what he was thinking about. I cannot help doing some wondering myself. Now no woman has a right to do anything to cause her husband to be wondered at or sneered at. She is the custodian of his honor. Even if he is perfectly satisfied to permit the companionship which is creating remark, his kindness and faith deserve a better reward than they are receiving. Some day she will hear some cruel and heart-piercing criticism from an angry or envious friend. What is worse, her husband will hear something that will make him tremble with rage and sorrow, and he will hear it from somebody who will probably make it look and sound as nasty as possible. Probably he will be twitted with it by a tipsy companion at the club. Great God! how wounding it will be to them both! Then why should this pretty goose play with the fox and arrange for misery if not a matrimonial estrangement? The things that are said may be undeserved, yet when the agony of resentment comes upon her she cannot say that she has been without fault. And then, women are but women, weak and foolish often, and men are but men, masterful and villainous often, and the end of it all may be much worse than even that which I have suggested.

***

Of the men who flutter about and compromise young and "flirty" married women, I can think of nothing good to say. They know, if the woman does not, what it all means. Of the man with or without a reputation for social honor who induces a married woman, the wife perhaps of a personal friend, to compromise herself by accepting his companionship and attentions, there is nothing to be said except that he is an infernal scoundrel. She need not expect him to defend her when evil is being spoken. If he intended to be her defender he would keep her from occupying a position where she must need defence. In at least nine cases out of ten such a man will laugh when his companions tell him that he ought to be ashamed of himself. Even if there is nothing wrong in their relations he will permit it to be believed that there is. Such thorough-paced scoundrels seem to take a pride in being thought sufficiently attractive to have a woman ruin herself for them. If such a man is enamoured of the woman his villainy is not lessened by the fact that as far as he is capable he is in love with her. What has he to offer her? Why should he dare offer her anything?

> When lovely woman stoops to folly,
> And finds too late that men betray,
> What charm can soothe her melancholy?
> What art can wash her guilt away?

Has he the art, has any man the art to soothe the melancholy of a ruined life? What charm has he to make her forget what she sacrificed for him, husband, home, friends, the respect of those who knew her, the love of those who trusted her? Somewhere in Hamlet Shakespeare says to woman, "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." But if she lay herself open to these things how much less can she hope to escape the tongue of scandal and the sorrow which comes with having a history—a history which her husband will never be permitted to forget, a history which will be a cloud on her own happiness and on the reputation of her children?

According to market reports and bills for household expenses the McKinley Bill has not reduced the profits of the farmers. Hay at $15 to $16 per ton, oats at sixty cents per bushel remind the owners of horses that keeping them is costly. Cheap wheat in the United States and Canada does not give us noticeably cheap bread; butter has been melting in the spring warmth at thirty cents and choice cuts of beef at twenty cents a pound. Unless middle men are making enormous profits the farmer cannot complain of ruling prices. Toronto is not a cheap place to live and as a home market it deserves something better than the envy and criticism of smaller places and rural districts.

***

The Canadian opponents of Imperial Federation are continually asserting that Great Britain will never agree to the slightest abandonment of free trade. They are wrong. Never was there a time since the repeal of the corn laws when the tide ran so strongly and from so many directions in favor of a tariff discriminating against foreigners and in favor of the colonies. The Imperial Federation League, with Lord Rosebery as its head, includes many of the leading Liberals of England and nearly all of the Conservative statesmen. In the colonies the leading men, the men who are the exponents of public opinion, are Imperial Federationists and the people are at heart the same. Added to the unnumbered thousands of Imperial Federationists who are strong both in British sentiment and on the trade question, the United Empire Trade League presents an ever increasing host of Britons who believe in Great Britain for the British. The General Council of the League, alone, includes sixty-five members of parliament and four peers. Moreover, the British House of Commons has been asked to protect the United Kingdom from the paupers who are seeking shelter in the Islands, and the movement of the times is certainly in the direction of Britishers taking better care of themselves and less of those whose flag is foreign and whose tariff is hostile.

***

The Conservative members of parliament whom I have seen *en route* to Ottawa, are not in the gay humor of those going to a picnic Thirty odd protests have been filed against the election of supporters of the government and some forty against oppositionists. This record of the courts convinces both sides that the others "do protest too much" and are of unsound virtue. A protest makes a recently elected M. P. exceeding sad. It means work to be done, worries to be suffered, money to be spent, perchance a hat to be passed around and humiliation to be endured even if the seat is retained. Then there is the chance of being unhorsed, disqualified! Even the thought of a new election with its handshakings and speech-makings, the painful endurance—not to mention the solicitation of the patronage—of those the candidate feels to be his inferiors, the smoky committee rooms, the angry caucus, the everything of an election contest, are enough to keep men from being awfully jolly as they jog towards Ottawa to take their uncertain seat.

***

Aside from protests the prospect is not entirely pleasing. The old timers smell fight in the air and the governmental warriors have no taste for some of the scandals which it is expected will be offered for investigation. Reciprocity cannot be a real issue in the House, but it may furnish an excuse to some of those French fellows, who are loyal only to their wallet and incidentally generous to Quebec, for going into Opposition. Inconveniently enough there is the nasty French-Canadian question of Separate Schools and dual language in the North-West, with the none too remote possibility of D'Alton McCarthy, as in duty bound, making matters more difficult by adding a considerable quantity of oleaginous matter to the fat which is already in the fire. Thus it is apparent to us all that the governmental picnic grounds are rocky, over run with thistles and burrs, with perhaps a few snakes suspected to be thereabouts to make the elect nervous and alert. The re-union of the old men and the gathering together of the new ones may be a joyful and harmonious occasion, but there will be fighting before they start for home. Sir Richard has loaded his big guns with scrap-iron and rusty nails, the swords of his henchmen are dipped in "pizen stuff," and the whole crowd propose to wound even if they can't kill. There are too many bye-elections in sight for any glove-contests, and while Edward Blake's polished rhetoric would be uncoiling itself were he there, the rocks and clubs of a Donnybrook dispute will be chasing one another through the air. Perhaps it is because I feel so sure of Sir John being sustained, possibly it may be that I am fond of a fight, but I am waiting anxiously to see the fun

"When McCarthy takes the floor."

***

It is to be hoped that the able author of Toronto Called Back has been finally called down. He may not be aware of it but this city could be induced by private subscription to raise a considerable amount to keep him from ever mentioning the subject again.

***

The meeting of the National Teachers' Association in Toronto, from July 14-17, will be locally, one of the most important events of the year. It is expected that at least nine thousand teachers, the best educationalists of America, will be present accompanied by from six to ten thousand of their friends, making by far the greatest influx of visitors we have ever received from the United States within one week. In the office of Secretary Hill of the Industrial Fair Association the other day, I was shown letters from states stretching from California to North Carolina, and from New Mexico to Minnesota, all indicating the determination of teachers to avail themselves in large numbers of the extremely low rates of transportation from their homes to Toronto. The railroads will carry them for a single fare to Toronto and return and allow them until September to make the trip. A large number will stay here all summer, visit Muskoka and enjoy themselves on the great lakes. Others have written as to the opportunities for studying modern languages in Toronto; enquiries are being received as to the possibility of obtaining furnished houses, families desiring to spend the hot months here, and altogether it is so great an event and so full of importance to this city both for the time being and the reputation we shall obtain amongst our visitors, that nothing should be left undone to treat them properly. The money being asked for is not to wine and dine them or to drive them about in hacks hired at from ten to fifteen dollars a day, but is for the legitimate expenses of printing, obtaining offices for them to transact their business in, for postage to disseminate literature, etc. Nine or ten thousand dollars are absolutely required for the legitimate expenses, and the entertainment cannot be expected to be very gorgeous at from fifty to seventy-five cents per head. The printing already done, under the able superintendence of Secretary Hill, is an honor to the city and shows how fortunate a choice the executive committee made in giving him charge of such matters. Toronto should not be backward in voting a liberal sum, certainly not less than five thousand dollars for the proper entertainment of this great gathering of teachers, and the hands of all those who are striving to make the convention a success should be strengthened and upheld by the citizens generally. It is by making Toronto attractive as a place for such gatherings that we obtain our best advertisement, and the matter is this year in the hands of those who may be relied upon to prevent it from degenerating into a fake.

***

While I feel no personal disposition to criticize the Dominion Government in the placing of Hon. John Carling in the Senate in order that he may retain his portfolio, I must say it is not in harmony with the spirit of our institutions. "Responsible government" is supposed to be conducted by cabinet ministers who, as such, have been accepted by the electors. The con

HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

tinuance of Mr. Carling in office, after his rejection by the electors, is indefensible from a constitutional standpoint, quite as much so as if, without appointing him to the Senate, the government had retained him as Minister of Agriculture. One of the weaknesses of "responsible government," and one which really makes it irresponsible, is that the acceptance of a cabinet minister by a constituency does not prove his satisfactoriness to the electors at large. Indeed, if a man holding a portfolio is defeated in one constituency it is easy to find a hive of governmental supporters to elect him, the man representing that constituency having been removed by the usual method—the promise of a lucrative appointment. Thus, in the selection of cabinet ministers "responsible government" is essentially weak, in fact meaningless, except that the minister has a seat on the floor of the house, and this can be dispensed with by stowing him away in the Upper Chamber. It is also a fact that a ministry once formed and safely ensconced in power, possessing as it does judicial, legislative and executive functions and consequently the vast patronage appertaining thereto, can so entrench itself by an improper use of its prerogatives that its dislodgement becomes exceedingly difficult. In view of this I repeat that any disregard of the spirit of the constitution such as retaining a defeated minister in the Cabinet by means of a seat in the Senate, is an improper and dangerous proceeding. Another phase of the past campaign was the resignation of a senator in order that he might be a candidate for the House of Commons, and though he was defeated he was at once re-appointed to the Senate. Worse still are the frequent appointments made of men who have been in the popular house the tools of the government instead of the representatives of the people and who, having outraged the ideas entertained by their constituents of what is right and defeated on an appeal for re-election, have been thereafter appointed to the Senate to revise the legislation of men chosen by the people. So frequently have such things occurred that the Senate has fallen low in the estimation of the people and is considered the bone-yard of Canadian politics. The practice, since the present election, of retaining men rejected by their constituencies, as in the case of Hon. Mr. Carling and Senator Howlan, cannot but intensify the dislike and suspicion with which this queer senatorial assortment of decayed politicians is already regarded.

* * *

The application to the City Council of a new telephone company for power to use the streets for their cables and wires, has caused a great deal of discussion and made plain the fact, if it has done nothing more, that the citizens of Toronto are universally dissatisfied with the present service and the prices charged. No wonder indeed that subscribers to the Bell telephone system are discontented. Their service has been one of the rankest bungles conceivable and the improvement since rivals began a canvass for customers has not even yet brought it up to a satisfactory grade. The prices too are excessive. This has been admitted by everyone excepting the Bell telephone people themselves. Thus far I think all my readers who are users of a telephone in Toronto, will agree with me. The difference in opinion seems to be whether the new company, which in places where its instruments are in use, gives a much improved service, should be permitted to tear up the streets or string wires aloft throughout the city, or whether a demand shall be made upon the Bell Telephone Company to reduce its prices to those of its competitor and to introduce equally as good instruments and service as its rivals are ready to give. It is also suggested that the Bell Company shall pay a stipulated sum for a ten years' monopoly. In favor of the latter proposition it is very correctly urged that one company is better than two insomuch as many of the subscribers would have to use both if two were in existence. Naturally enough the public will object to more poles and wires, and at this juncture the Bell people promise to put the wires under ground on all the principal streets. If they reduce the price and promise better service, in fact comply with all the demands made upon them, the new company will be knocked out. This will seem very hard on the newcomers who, at considerable expense no doubt, have secured nearly two thousand subscribers. It is whether this would be a proper way for the City Council to use the new company, whether indeed the moral code which seems to prevail in the treatment of those who are asked to tender for a public franchise or who are led to hope they may obtain a franchise, is a proper one.

* * *

On one hand it can be said that if competitors of those already holding public franchises are to be merely utilized to bring their rivals to terms, it will not kill off the competition necessary to keep the citizens from being oppressed by those who should serve them. If the Bell Company is brought to terms by their present rival, even though telephoning should become cheaper in the future by reason of the greater number of subscribers, no new company will be likely to attempt any opposition while the memory of the present deal remains with them. Tenders were recently asked for the building of crematories in which the city garbage was to be destroyed. There happened to be but one man in the country who knew the business, his tender was received and rejected, though its contents were utilized by the council. The recently rejected tenders for the street car franchise having met the same fate, their contents will guide other speculators in reckoning the value of that which is to be disposed of. On the face of it this conduct on the part of the city authorities appears to be wrong and likely to lead to the discouragement of those who should compete and thus leave some of our most valuable assets to be peddled about and disposed of to the favorites of the mayor and aldermen. If our city government were sufficiently efficient and the men likely to be given charge of such enterprises able and honest, the theory that the people's representatives should manage these things for the public benefit might be put in practice, but as every department of our civic affairs is now in a deplorable mess, taxpayers will be very loath to see greater responsibilities thrust upon those who are unable to cope with the tasks already in hand.

* * *

While all these things seem to suggest the ill usage of commercial companies seeking to obtain public franchises, there is another view to be taken of the whole matter. No private corporation binds itself to accept the tender it invites, nor is there an individual enterprise which does not profit by creating a proper competition amongst those who desire to serve it. Even those acting for the courts of justice do not bind themselves to accept any tender proffered for the purchase of that which by decree is to be sold. When a private individual undertakes to serve a city and goes to a certain amount of expense to obtain a franchise for himself, he does it at his own risk, fully understanding the chances which are against him. When a company is organized for the same purpose it understands the chances and accepts them. When amended tenders are asked for, those who have already made an offer can either increase it or stay out. The hardships they endure are but those of business. In the case of the telephone company it would almost seem as if the city, should it obtain a great advantage by the proposed competition, should defray the legitimate expenses of the company which brings the Bell telephone people to time—if a consummation so devoutly to be hoped for comes about. Yet even this would be a dangerous thing to make a practice of, as bogus companies would be continually trying to work the same scheme to the annoyance of legitimate concerns and to the public loss. In the present instance it is merely a question whether it would be possible and right to compensate a company whose *bona fides* cannot be questioned and who, if they bring about a reduction of the prices and a better service, will confer on the people of Toronto a very great favor. The real question in the whole matter is not whether tenders that have been invited and opened, should or should not be rejected if the propositions made therein are not in the city's interests, but whether the tenderer approaching nearest that which is desirable should be compensated for his trouble, in case of fresh tenders being called for he does not receive the franchise. It is an utter absurdity to affirm that two or more undesirable tenders being received one of them must of necessity be accepted, but if they are undesirable and inadequate owing to the fault of those who prepared the specifications the makers of the better one of the two or the best of the lot would seem to have a moral right to some compensation. The council should know its own mind and understand its business well enough to prevent it from leading business men into a wild goose chase after a franchise. That it does not know how to conduct public affairs is to the disadvantage of the people and, laying aside a very intangible moral right to compensation, the tenderers are only a few of the unfortunates and will not suffer very much more severely than the citizens generally in consequence of the bungling at the City Hall.

* * *

It is to be hoped that the specifications prepared for the new tenders will not be manipulated by the little *coterie* of ward politicians who desire by the absurdity of their demands to prevent any business-like corporation from putting in a bid. The scheme for seizing the street railway and utilizing it as a machine for providing fat salaries for a crew of loafers and incapables, cannot be worked, and the sooner we get down to sensible specifications the better.

DON.

## Social and Personal.

Toronto's beau monde turned out in great force for the initial and subsequent performances of Iolanthe by the Harmony Club. Without touching upon features of the performance ably dealt with in another column, I should like to add my little treble to the tenor and bass and tenor of a full chord of gratified praise. The singularly youthful and airy effect of the simple cream robes of those tripping fairies and the contrast between them and the majestic outfit of their queen, was quite surprising. Mrs. Mackelcan was the fairy queen of the incorrigible Sullivan and Gilbert minds, those two who fear not the traditions of their forefathers nor the hilarity of their contemporaries. The funniest moment in the whole opera was when she confessed her *penchant* to the bumbled grenadier. Her *naïve* unconventional outspoken honesty was too comical for anything, and I think sundry spasmodic twitchings of her pretty lips betrayed her own sense of the fun. Socially as every other way, the Harmony Club's presentation was a perfect success. I saw in the brilliant crowd Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Miles and party, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hodgins, the Misses Hodgins, Mrs. McLean Howard and party, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. M. Kertland, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Kertland, Mrs. Alfred and the Misses Gooderham. The audience was a credit to Toronto and an inspiration to the clever amateurs who amused it so successfully. Conductor Herr Schuch had no sinecure in the task of handing up the magnificent floral tributes which were accorded to Mrs. Mackelcan, Miss Gilmore and some of the other principals in the play. The quaint remark of the quick-witted Lord Chancellor when he was made the recipient of that vegetable trophy, whose name is not poetical, "Ha! I have amused a market gardener," was another proof of the giddy magnate's happy facility. Funny things not on the bill happened several times and were promptly cheered and laughed at by the audience. Perhaps one of the most fetching was the hearty "Hear, hear," which came from a corner of the opera house to meet the rueful statement of one of the Peers as to his sad lack of mental capacity. Finally, to those who love fun as much as I do and realize alike the labor and the anxiety of getting up successfully an amateur operatic performance, the Iolanthe was an evening of unalloyed enjoyment.

* * *

Dr. Kertland sailed for Europe last Tuesday.

* * *

Mrs. James Grover of St. James avenue gave a pleasant luncheon on Thursday of last week. Among her guests were Mrs. Foley of Port-Hope, Mrs. John Grover, Mrs. Giles, Mrs. Allan, Mrs. J. M. Wright, Mrs. C. Kirby, Mrs. R. H. Humphries, Mrs. McDowell, Mrs. Rattan and Mrs. G. K. Powell. A unique feature of the gathering was the fact that four of the party are well on in life, their combined ages reaching three hundred and thirty-one years.

* * *

Mr. Frank McCausland and Miss Maggie Brown were married on Tuesday last at St. James's square Presbyterian church. After the reception Mr. and Mrs. McCausland left for a tour of American cities. The firm with which Mr. McCausland has been connected for ten years presented him last Saturday with a handsome brass piano lamp and their sincere good wishes.

* * *

Mr. Hugh Skinner, a well known Hamiltonian, has gone to New York as agent of the Austrian Government for the sale of its export tobaccos. Mr. Skinner will in future reside in New York.

* * *

Rev. A. H. Stone of Rochester was in town this week.

* * *

A marriage has been arranged between Miss Emma C. Baillie, eldest daughter of Mrs. Henry Smith of Toronto, and Mr. W. H. Wilson of London, England. Miss Baillie left Toronto last January and is now visiting her uncle, Rev. H. A. Goodwin, vicar of Owlerton, Yorkshire.

* * *

Mr. O. P. St. John was the recipient of a handsome locket and address from the Canadian Marine Engineers Association previous to his departure for British Columbia.

* * *

Alderman Gillespie left an estate of $70,000. Mr. F. R. Gillespie of New York and Mr. H. C. Dixon are his executors.

* * *

The Young Liberals will close the present season with two lectures. On May 4 Mr. William Houston, and on May 11, Prof. Goldwin Smith will talk on the Quebec Act of 1774, and Aristocracy.

* * *

Mrs. Philip Drayton and Miss Jeannette Drayton are *en route* for England.

* * *

The French Club will meet at Mrs. Beard's, 317 Jarvis street, this evening. Arrangements are being made for a *soiree dansante*, to be given in a week or two, as a close to the successful season of the club.

* * *

Quite a feature in the advertisements is made of the costumes worn by the opera company playing here this week. They are pretty, but not pretty enough nor new enough to be worthy of any special notice. I don't know that I didn't enjoy raggy little Kitty Clover's ballad singer's tatters most of them all. Such large holes in one's stockings have the spice of novelty anyway. And the Sedan chair came in as a relic of bygone days. It looked grand and stately, but nowadays haven't we bicycles?

* * *

Which reminds me of something that will soon be interesting to you, both socially and personally. I refer to the proposed formation of a ladies' bicycle club. It is on the *tapis*, and some of our Toronto ladies are becoming smitten with the cycling fever, just as I knew they would if they ever tried the giddy wheel. Mr. Harry Davies has been explaining to me the true inwardness of a not-to-be-excelled Safety. As I noted the improvements and the easiness and the cunningly-devised strength and lightness and durability of the newest importation, it seemed to me that I *must!* I hope next week to have ready some definite statement about the new club and its promoters and some suggestions to those desirous of becoming members thereof.

* * *

On my way to the Iolanthe performance I saw an instance of maladroitness that might have terminated seriously. A long procession of high wheels was skimming down Sherbourne street when a lady started to cross the road. The coming cyclists politely slackened up for her accommodation, she started, then stood stock still, in the direct path, thereby sending the first two advancing cyclists heels over head, one atop of the other! What might have been a fearful toss only resulted in a slight shaking up, as the men immediately regained their feet, but it wasn't pretty to see the collision and it wasn't gratifying to reflect on its great first cause.

* * *

Melville & Richardson, the steamships agents, report the following cabin passengers booked for Europe this week: Rev. Hugh Bentley, Rev. George Robertson, Prof. and Mrs. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. John Trench, Mr. L. Chorley, Mr. and Mrs. Nichols, Mr. Sandwell, Mrs. E. Bryden, Mrs. Eager, Mrs. James Fleming, the Misses Drummond.

* * *

A very fashionable wedding took place in Ottawa on Tuesday. The contracting parties were Mr. Arthur French Sladen, eldest son of Lieut.-Col. Sladen of Ripplecourt, England, and Miss Kathleen Hume Powell, second daughter of the late Sheriff W. F. Powell of Edgewood, New Edinburgh. The ceremony was performed by Ven. Archdeacon Lauder, assisted by Rev. E. A. W. Hannington and Rev. T. Bailey, cousin of the bride. The groom holds a position in the Governor-General's office.

* * *

The Ottawa *Evening Journal* thus describes the wedding dresses: "The bridal gown was an exquisite design in rich white corded silk and rare old pointed D'Alencon lace, with petticoat and court train. The former was covered with snowdrops and draperies of the lace and a fringe of the flowers falling from under a flounce of festooned lace gave a most graceful effect. The corsage was draped with lace and ornamented with a spray of orange blossoms and snowdrops and bouquets of white ostrich tips. Ruffles of lace finished the neck and wrists. A long tulle veil, completely enveloping the figure, was fastened with a diamond pin and ornamented with a wreath of orange flowers. A cluster of feathers attached it carelessly to the train. The only other ornament worn was a superb diamond and pearl pendant. The bride carried an exquisite cluster of white roses and lilies of the valley. Miss Edith Powell, as chief bridesmaid, wore a lovely dress of pale peach Canton crepe, trimmed with crepe chiffon to match, caught up with velvet pansies and sprays of lilac and silver cord. Miss Lola Powell, the younger bridesmaid, was dressed in a finely embroidered white muslin with a broad white brocaded sash. Both young ladies wore long tulle veils fastened with pansies and lilies of the valley and carried bouquets of pink roses and lilies. White kid mosquetaire gloves completed the costume. The bridegroom's gift to them was a fine gold ring, each set with a diamond and pearl respectively. Mrs. Powell's dress was of black lace over violet poplin, the only ornament being natural violets. Miss Maud Powell wore a dress of embroidered white muslin with turquoise blue sash, white hat trimmed with tulle and daisies and turquoise silk gloves."

* * *

Among the donors of wedding gifts were the Governor-General and Lady Stanley, General and Hon. Mrs. Herbert, Lady Macdonald, the Dowager Countess of Cavan and many other equally well known notables. Mr. and Mrs. Sladen will include Toronto in their wedding tour.

* * *

The Deer Park Athletic Association gave a concert at Deer Park some days ago. The thanks of the members and audience are due to those ladies and gentlemen whose efforts secured for the entertainment a gratifying success.

* * *

M. George Coutellier goes next week to Ottawa to deliver a series of French lectures in that city. A most promising school has just been established in Barrie by this energetic and enthusiastic professor.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. John Charlton visited Toronto this week.

* * *

Miss Fanny Smith of Rivermount gives an afternoon tea to-day.

* * *

Mrs. Lydia Leavitt is leaving for England shortly. She intends bringing out her new book in the early autumn, either in England or the States.

* * *

Mr. Walter Cassells was married on Wednesday to Miss Esther Eugenie Lownsbrough. The wedding took place at half-past two, at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. John Morrison, Jarvis street.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Hume Browne have returned from their wedding tour. Mrs. Browne will receive all next week at 29 Bellevue avenue.

* * *

Rev. G. M. Milligan has gone to Kingston for the closing of Queen's University. He is the guest of Mr. John Carruthers.

* * *

Dr. Tyrrell was married on Wednesday. His bride was Miss Rebecca Grant, daughter of the late William Grant of Kingston. The wedding took place in All Saints' church, Hamilton, the ceremony being performed by Rev. A. H. Baldwin and Rev. Rural Dean Forneret. Miss Grant Macdonald and Mr. Charles Headly acted as maid of honor and groomsman. Dr. and Mrs. Tyrrell make their wedding tour in the Eastern and Southern States.

* * *

Count and Countess Maleisaye and Viscount Maleisaye spent some days in Toronto this week.

* * *

Another Wednesday wedding was that of Mr. George P. E. Nichol and Miss Christina Ewing. Rev. Wm. Hunter officiated, the ceremony taking place at the residence of Mrs. Ewing, mother of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Nichol have gone west for the honeymoon.

* * *

A charming musicale was given by Mr. H. Baritta Mull and his pupils last Wednesday. The reception committee was composed of the following gentlemen: Dr. Cowan, Dr. Capon, Messrs. H. R. O'Reilly, Angus Morrison, A. O. Hurst and R. J. Gibson. A pleasant dance followed the musical programme.

* * *

Mr. G. W. Bedgerow and family, who have been spending the latter part of the winter in St. Augustine, Florida, are now in Charleston, S. C. They intend spending a couple of weeks at Old Point Comfort, Va., and expect to arrive home about May 22. Mr. Badgerow's health, a correspondent informs me, is much improved.

* * *

The Young Liberal-Conservative Club's banquet at the Walker House on Monday night was in every respect successful.

* * *

Mr. Neilson, who passed through Toronto on his way from England to the North-West, was entertained on Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Fitch of Atherly, Jarvis street. Mr. Neilson contemplates a most enjoyable fishing and hunting tour.

* * *

Mrs. John L. Renton of Kingston is the guest of her sister, Mrs. St. John of Cameron street.

* * *

Miss Marjorie Campbell and Miss Strange left for England on Monday last, where they intend to remain for about three months, after which they will probably return via Halifax, at which place they will make a short stay.

* * *

Mr. Percival Ridout of Rosedale House has returned to town owing to the illness of his mother, Mrs. P. Ridout will not return for some weeks to come.

* * *

The Toronto Lawn Tennis Club is expected very shortly to open its gates to the members of the club for the season of 1891, which bids fair to be one of the best on record.

* * *

Few or no changes have taken place in the Royal Canadian Yacht Club as a result of the

(Continued on Page Twelve.)


Paris Kid Glove Store

Felice Paris

JUST ARRIVED

4-Bt. Swede Gloves

In all the newest shades.

Mosquitaire Swede Gloves

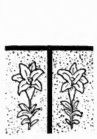
Pearl Grey, Heliotrope, Buttercup and New Mode shades.

GLACE GLOVES, for Ladies and Misses

Special Lines in Gentlemen's Gloves for Riding and Walking

WM. STITT & CO.

11 and 13 King St. East, Toronto



THE New Scale Dominion Piano is the one Canadian piano that musicians of note in Toronto recommend their friends and students.

One musician who stands high among his colleagues said, in conversation, only a few days ago:

"This new Dominion Piano amazes me in the purity of its tone. It will go far towards killing the sale of these high priced American pianos now imported."

This verdict has grown unanimous among those who understand a good piano. There is always a fine stock on hand at our Warerooms, 68 King Street West.

DOMINION PIANO AND ORGAN CO.

DALINATION INSECT POWDER

FOR

Cockroaches

Beetles

Bugs, &c.

Always fresh and guaranteed good.

TO BE HAD AT

McARTHUR'S DRUG STORE

230 Yonge Street, opp. Shuter

Telephone 479

TAKE THE OLD RELIABLE

CUNARD

SS. LINE

FOR EUROPE

S.S. SERVIA, MAY 9

W. A. GEDDES - - Agent

69 Yonge Street, Toronto

THE BEST ROOMS ON ATLANTIC STEAMERS

ARE SOLD IN APRIL. ☞ Secure Yours NOW

BARLOW CUMBERLAND

Gen. S.S. and R.R. Agt., 72 Yonge Street, Toronto

N. G. LLOYD S. S. LINE

Fast route to Southampton, London, and Continent.

Patronized by those who desire comfort with excellence

Immediate application is absolutely necessary in order to obtain berths on East-bound and West-bound passages during the traveling season.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent, 72 Yonge St., Toronto.

HOUSES—Furnished and Unfurnished TO RENT OR FOR SALE

At Center and West Island. Apply to

DENISON & DENISON, 60½ Adelaide St. East.

HOUSE TO LET

Modern house, seven bedrooms. S. W. cor. Sherbourne and Linden Streets. Furnished or unfurnished. Possession May 7.

G. A. CASE, 23 Adelaide Street East.

Bain's Ten Dollar Box of Stationery

CONTAINS

One Ream Best Quality of Paper and Square Envelopes, all Stamped in Color, with Crest, Monogram or Address

NO CHARGE FOR ENGRAVING STEEL DIE

JAMES BAIN & SON, Society Stationers

39 King Street East, Toronto

## Between You and Me.

Spring weddings have come upon us this month in numbers. Ministers, doctors, lawyers and clerks have faded from their accustomed haunts for a time and are tasting the moon of honey in such near or distant hiding places as their taste and purses permit. I wonder if any of their bonny brides were so naughty as Lady Cecilia Howard, who said decidedly before her marriage the other day that she wouldn't promise to obey her husband. And what do you think of the parson who read the service and omitted for the naughty girl that objectionable phrase? And is she married all right or will some bishop insist upon having the ceremony over again?

•

There is a comical story about an ancestor of Sir Walter Scott's who was about to be hung by his victorious rival, when the victor's wife interposed and expostulated thus: "Would you hang the winsome young laird when ye have three ill-favored daughters to marry?" So the great Sir Walter's ancestor was given his choice either to marry micklemouthed Meg or to hang. At first he stoutly preferred the latter alternative, but at the last moment he changed his mind. Meg made him a capital wife and Sir Walter was one of the direct descendants of this peculiar marriage.

•

I have had a good many quiet smiles which I am heartily ashamed of, at the lares and penates of my fellow citizens on moving day. One sees such funny old relics piled on the last wagon load! A bust of our premier crowned with a foot bath and reposing on a nest of old pots and pans looked irresistibly comical as it jolted down one of our handsome streets this morning.

•

Here in Toronto, as over in England, those unhappy people, the census enumerators, have their little amusement by the way. "Please ma'am, the gentleman has come for the scented paper," says one rosy maid. "Missus is sick, but I can tell you how old she is—and I'll tell you true!" says another too knowing one. "There has been a death in the family," remarks another, and it bothers her that the pet canine's decease isn't duly recorded. In our enlightened and less suspicious country the troubles of a census-taker can only be imagined. The ignorance, stupidity and suspicion that put lions in his way don't develop here as in the Mother Country.

•

Have you happened to read about the venturesome Mrs. Sheldon who has begun a journey into the interior of Africa? And can you imagine the kind of woman who would dare the trial to her constitution, her nerves and her modesty which her trip will certainly entail? Stanley says, in his honest way, that no woman of culture and modesty can accomplish it, and don't you wonder what sort of pictures her Kodak will divulge to the civilized world on her return, that is supposing she ever does return! She is a pretty woman enough—with a gentle smile and soft dreamy eyes. There is a Mr. Sheldon but he isn't going! She says she wants to study the natives in their uncivilized state before they get spoiled by culture. I suppose culture means clothes, morals and cleanliness, and I should certainly prefer them cultured, shouldn't you?

•

Two weeks ago I mentioned (Between You and Me) that I had received a letter which was sufficiently interesting to comment upon in these columns. I commented—woe is me! by a morning post a few days ago came a severe overhauling as follows: "I am neither stupid, shy nor ill-informed, nor is my life a secluded one. I am well versed in politics, science, theology and most of the leading topics of the day, also enjoy the distinction of being a fair public writer, am never at a loss for an interesting subject with which to interest my callers." Good gracious! I should say not! Just fancy an ordinary creature like you or me presuming to suggest culture to this walking encyclopædia! She also has a "very clever husband," and as I read that a misty fancy that I must have roused up the ghost of Jane Carlyle made my hardy spirit quail within me. But I can't resist quoting once more from her, scared as I am. "I have frequently kept up many discussions through the press." "I cannot say I wish for anything better than I now possess but I would like to see some folks with a little more enlightenment than they now enjoy." Now for calm self-conceit and benignant superiority as well as elegance of diction, isn't that sentence entitled to a red ticket?

•

What shall I say to my correspondent? And why is it that with all her wondrous advantages of learning and so forth she can't direct her weaker sisters into pastures new and leave untouched the broad fields of domestic service? Think of her scope: "Theology, science, politics and all the leading questions of the day." Why with halt that I would run a women's convention! With my life in my hand I will venture to suggest that the three first named topics are rather heavy for an afternoon call—something as if one offered you a plate of roast beef and potatoes instead of a sip of tea and a wafer. I can fancy this hostess marching up her battalions and paralyzing me when I popped in with my card case for five minutes' chat, wanting only to tell a little funny story or chat lightly over a new book or tell her how pretty Iolanthe was, or how much I wanted to laugh at —— never mind who! And the gas would go out of my light and soda-watery frivolities and I would be unhappy enough to tell her how trying my Jane Anne was about the furnace, etc. All of which is respectfully submitted!

•

One of the surest signs of culture is the ability to begin, sustain and direct a conversation. The tempersome woman who has not disciplined her tongue, her nerves and her temper, cannot sustain nor direct though she may begin well. The self-conscious and undecided woman after she has once begun, may go ricocheting along without serious catastrophe. It is the start she needs most. The superior creature, perhaps, is the most disastrous failure of all. She who begins in a patronizing and unnatural tone to ask you what you think of the discovery of the Aristotle papyrus and continues to mentally walk over you and trample you under foot with her nose in the clouds and her voice slightly elevated also! Such an one rouses all the naughtiness in me. I have a friend who says, "Oh, pshaw! I couldn't bother selecting a subject. I just say whatever comes into my head. Be natural, that's my motto!" Her untutored utterances are truly awful sometimes and represent the ragged edges of conversation, the wrong side out of ideas, the careless unintelligibles of slang and patois. The cultured conversationalist is rare. He or she who with bright smile or grave respect or tactful sympathy brings from the mind's treasury things new and old, who can be interrupted by the manerless and contradicted by the rude with equal equanimity and unconcern. I have in my mind's eye such a *rara avis*, who exacts my closest attention and at the same time stimulates my interest, who, sitting in his wide easy chair, with low voice and observant eye talks quietly, listens appreciatively and sends me always away the better and the richer for the interview. I know another who, filled to the brim with knowledge assorted and available, yet lacking sympathetic impulse, stalks through the world like a sealed up gem jar full of jam. One knows the good things are there but no one tastes them.

•

Now, the great first cause of all this, my preachment, is the grumbling which has reached my ears from various quarters as to the inanity of the chatter which one hears in fashionable or any feminine circles nowadays. Well, one can't always have sensible talk and learned discussions though, if one has something to talk about and someone to listen, the most incongruous surroundings will not make much difference. Notice, I don't say someone to talk to—the world is peopled with folk who are talked to, but few and far between are folk who *listen!* How else can one account for the weekly congregation, sitting restive or calm while the parson speaks of things that ought to burn into their ears if only they were listening, but they aren't.

•

And so, in order to cultivate conversation we must begin by cultivating ourselves, hushing the hasty judgment and pruning the careless speech and encouraging the ready sympathy and storing away the carefully selected information and studying the signs of the times and the tastes of the people.

LADY GAY.

### Shadow and Sunshine.

The day has been vague and the sky has been bleak,
And things have gone backward the whole day long;
The friends as I met them did scarcely speak,
And vainly the things I have lost I seek!
And I'm weary and sad and the world is wrong.

The morrow has come and the sky has grown clear,
The world appears righted and rings with song;
The friends as I meet them are merry and cheer,
The things that I thought I had lost reappear,
And the work drives forward the whole day long.

As the strings of a harp, standing side by side,
Are the days of sadness and days of song;
The sunshine and shadow are ever allied,
But the shadows will fade and the sunshine bide,
Though to-day may be dim and the world go wrong.

### Shakespeare's Personality as a Player.

So little is known of Shakespeare's personality that it were absurd to hazard any opinion with respect to, at least, his physical fitness for a histrionic career. That he was of a fair presence and possessed of an abundance of natural vigor is a not unreasonable assumption, especially when his likeness, as represented in the Droeshout copy, is studied for a little. Such a picture of the poet, as he is supposed to have appeared in his twenty-ninth year, suggests a physiognomy which is happily in keeping with the idea as to what the appearance of a great original writer should be. Extraordinary force, mental and physical, strikes one as being the prominent feature of the man Shakespeare, indicated by the Droeshout likeness; and thus the authenticity of his portrait being admitted, the popular ideal with regard to the personal appearance of the great dramatist is in no danger of ever being destroyed. But it may be taken for granted that his fitness, so far as physique was concerned, was in every respect adequate to the circumstances of the actor's profession. The tradition that he was lame would, indeed, preclude the possibility of his sustaining, with such an infirmity, almost any character on the stage. In the character of Old Adam, however, the faithful and tried servant of Sir Rowland de Bois and, latterly, of his cruel and unscrupulous son Oliver, in the sylvan play As You Like It, it is but fair to admit that such a part would naturally submit itself for performance more readily by a lame actor. A frail and halting gait would have, in a measure, to be assumed by any player essaying the part of the old, weakly servant. Might it not have been from this very circumstance that the tradition as to Shakespeare's lameness originated? The drama of As You Like It became at once, on its appearance in 1590, a favorite with the frequenters of the Globe Theater, who, seeing Shakespeare in the rather part of Old Adam, limping faithfully along after his new-found master, Orlando—since Oliver had discarded him—might somehow have got the impression that the player himself was lame, and hence the tradition.—*Alexander Cargill, in Scribner.*


## Choice Cut Roses

Of every popular variety. Other seasonable flowers also always on hand. We can ship cut flowers to any part of Ontario and Quebec with perfect safety, as we have letters from our numerous patrons in various parts congratulating us for prompt delivery and excellent condition of the flowers upon arrival.

**S. TIDY & SON**
THE FLORISTS
164 Yonge Street - Toronto
Tel. — Greenhouses, 3057; Store, 2089

**PHONOGRAPH DOLLS REPAIRED**
House and Stable Telephones
TORONTO ELECTRICAL WORKS
35 Adelaide Street West

**S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen**

NEITHER introduction nor suggestion is needed these days to the dress goods counters of this store. They're so crowded with desirable dress stuffs—hue, tint, style, pattern, kind, fashion—all to your liking, the variety is so varied. All this you know without our telling—at least many of you. The missing ones have missed much.

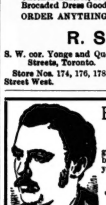
Double width diagonals and cheviots are among the stuffs that have won your favor. We've studied your taste and struck it just right.

Fancy Tweeds, 40c. Cashmere, 36c.
A Handsome Serge, 50c. Cheviots, 35c.

In whatever line dress goods we give shade to suit. A fashion hint is that light shades prevail. Grays are very likeable and liked. French All-wool Cashmerettes are in favor with womankind. Talk of French, let our French Braided Costume Suits have no trifling attention from any who love the beautiful—$6.75 complete.

Checked Lustres, 30c.
Brocaded Dress Goods, 12½c.
ORDER ANYTHING BY LETTER.

**R. SIMPSON**
S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto. | Entrance Yonge Street. Entrance Queen Street.
Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.



**Babies and Children**

We make a specialty of photographing small children and babies. A trial will convince you that we excel in that line.

J. C. WALKER & CO.
PHOTOGRAPHERS
Studio—Cor. Yonge and Temperance Streets

**FRENCH FRUITS**

Just received at the leading grocery store of
**The G. W. Shaver Co., Ltd.**
Telephone for what you want. These goods are very fine.
244 Yonge Street, 2 Louisa Street
Telephone 1850

**A SHOE DEALER'S SUCCESS**
Depends upon his ability to please his customers.
Ladies throughout the land who have worn our Oxford Ties insist upon having them again. Call and see our new spring stock before purchasing elsewhere.
**L. A. STACKHOUSE**
497 Yonge Street

**MISS SULLIVAN**
Late of W. A. Murray & Co.
**Artistic Dressmaking**
76 COLLEGE STREET
Miss Sullivan has just returned from New York with the latest designs and styles.

**Armson & Stone**
Continuous special deliveries of Novelties direct from Paris and the leading markets.
**Cream Embroidered Dresses**
The most exquisite shown this season.
**NAVY SERGES**
27c. to $1 per yard. Embroidered neckers to match.
This is the latest English Novelty.
**212 YONGE STREET**

**OCTAVIUS NEWCOMBE & CO.**
MANUFACTURERS OF
**Grand, Upright and Square PIANOFORTES**
TORONTO — 107-109 Church Street.
MONTREAL — 2344 St. Catharines Street.
OTTAWA — 68 Bank Street.
Factory, 121 to 129 Bellwoods Ave., Toronto

**GERMAN. FRENCH. SPANISH**
**THE INGRES-COUTELLIER SCHOOL OF MODERN LANGUAGES**
NATURAL METHOD BY NATIVE TEACHERS
TORONTO: Canada Life Building. MONTREAL: Nordheimer Block, 207 St James St.
DIFFERENT BRANCHES:
St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Winnipeg, Man. Brantford, Ont. Kingston, Ont. Ottawa, Ont. Bangor, Me. Calais, Me. Yarmouth, N. S. And other cities.
Office and Recitation Rooms in the CANADA LIFE BUILDING. At the next French literature course, Tuesday, January 27, 3 o'clock, Prof. George Coutellier will talk about: La Cité de Cornelle.
Admission—For pupils of the school, 40c.; for non-pupils, 50c.
Special arrangements will be made for all terms.

# WHAT WE DO!

There has never been a time when rubber goods looked so well and wore so badly. The trouble is: Tons of goods are manufactured with a sole regard to a cheap price, and the public loses. Here's a store that started out to sell only the best and make prices low enough to warrant your buying none other. Every kind of rubber thing that has a use from Overshoes and Mackintoshes to Druggists' Supplies and Household Sundries. You should know more about us.

**GOODYEAR RUBBER STORE**
12 King Street West

# JAMES HARRIS & CO.
99 Yonge St., Toronto

**SPRING OPENING OF HATS**

We have just received our large stock of Spring Hats in all the fashionable shapes and shades, comprising all the celebrated English and American makers---Woodson, Battersby, Woodrows and William Carrick & Sons latest London Hats.

SOLE AGENTS FOR
**Edward Miller's Celebrated New York Hats**
Styles correct, in Silk and Felt

**LADIES**—Preserve your Furs during the summer months from moths, dampness and fire by sending them to us for storage. Receipts are given and charges reasonable.

We are clearing out the balance of our Fur Stock at a great sacrifice before putting them away.

**JAMES HARRIS & Co.**
99 Yonge Street, Toronto

**HAIR GOODS**
LATEST STYLES IN
SPRING FRONTPIECES AND BANGS

A most convenient article for ladies to wear during a hot season, for going across the ocean, for traveling or seaside. Saves trouble and time, and decidedly improves appearance.

Ladies should not fail to procure one of those natural, curly, light and handsome little Fronts.

Prices are from $2, $4, $5, $6 to $10, according to size and styles.

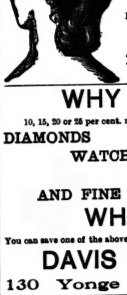
*Specialty in Long Hair Switches*, wavy or straight; no stamps inside for dressing the hair low, from $3 to $20, according to length and quality. *Also separate hair 5 switches* for dressing the hair in coils.

LADIES — Hair Dressing for Soirees, Concerts, Photos, etc. Ladies' Hair Trimming, Singeing, Shampooing, at store or at ladies' own residences.

TELEPHONE No. 2468

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR successfully removed with CAPILLERINE and the growth destroyed by following the treatment with CAPILLERINE. Price $1.50; sent by post, securely sealed, $1.56, to any part of Canada.

TRANCLE-ARMAND, Coiffeur-Parfumeur
467 Yonge St. 467, Toronto, Ont., Can.



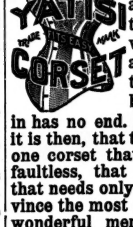
**DORENWEND'S**
Is the Leading House for Fashionable
**HAIR GOODS**
The latest and most
ARTISTIC STYLES
In Wigs, Bangs, Switches, etc.
Largest, Best and Cheapest House in the Dominion.
Finest Hair Dressing Rooms on the Continent.
Telephone 1551
105 Yonge St.
Send for circular.

**WHY PAY**
10, 15, 20 or 25 per cent. more than necessary for
DIAMONDS
WATCHES
SILVERWARE
AND FINE JEWELRY
WHEN
You can save one of the above percentages by dealing with
**DAVIS BROS.**
130 Yonge Street 130

**LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY**
ALSO
Examinations—Oral or Written
237 McCaul Street - - Toronto

**$5000** IN PRIZES to those who make the greatest number of words from the letters in the two words "CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST" 350 prizes, ranging from $1 to $1000 in gold. Open until May 29, 1891 (15 days allowed after May 29 for letters to reach us from distant points). Send stamp for full particulars. Address: CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST, Peterborough, Ont., Canada.

**WHITE CHINA FOR DECORATING**
New Glassware
Dresden China Shells and Baskets
The latest Table Decorations.
**WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY**
**WILLIAM JUNOR**
109 King St. West - - Toronto




Some corsets are never easy, there is always a stiffness about them and the period of breaking them in has no end. What a relief it is then, that there is at least one corset that is absolutely faultless, that fits perfectly, that needs only a trial to convince the most skeptical of its wonderful merit. Why not try it? It is surely worth while, for the money is returned if you are not satisfied, hence you run no risk.

MANUFACTURED BY THE
**CROMPTON CORSET CO.**

# THE LITTLE GEM
**POCKET DIME SAVINGS BANK**
Is the greatest novelty of the age. Everybody should have one. It will only take 10c. pieces, holds EXACTLY $5, and cannot be opened until the full amount has been deposited. Sent free by mail on receipt of
**25 Cents**
In cash or postage stamps. Address—
**P. C. ALLAN**
35 King Street West, Toronto

# The World, The Flesh and The Devil

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

*Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Day Will Come," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," etc.*

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

## CHAPTER XXII.

"ALAS, WHY CAM'ST THOU HITHER?"

He was not dead. Hester, in the first few minutes of helpless horror, thought that the blow which had felled her father to the floor must needs be his death blow; but it was not so. Her trembling fingers had loosened the wisp of rusty black which he had worn round his throat; she had felt the beating of his heart under the ragged flannel shirt. She had heard the stertorous breathing which, however dreadful, at least indicated life.

"Go for the doctor," she cried. "Oh, for God's sake, the doctor—without a moment's loss. You have not killed him."

"Killed him! no. I only ventured to silence his foul tongue—the ungrateful old scoundrel. My blow was not murderous—but I meant to silence him, and I have done it," said Gerard, with a scornful laugh.

It seemed such a worthless life to him, these poor dregs of a wasted existence, had poverty, drunkenness, what had such a man to live for, or how should such a man value life? and yet if one made an end of this wretched remnant of used up humanity the act would be called murder, and one might be hanged for it.

What should he done? Send for a doctor? Yes. It was past one o'clock, and the nearest doctor was at Lowcombe, a mile off, a medical practitioner whose function it was to see a scattered population in sickness and health, a population dispersed at inconvenient distances, approachable only by accommodation roads, within a radius of six or seven miles.

"I'll go to the gardener's cottage and try to get a messenger," said Gerard. "Don't be frightened, Hester. Just keep quiet till I come back.

He ran off towards the gardener's house, on the other side of the road, where there was a kitchen garden in which his wife had taken delighted in the cultivation of a vast stock of vegetables, which nobody consumed, and in the consumption of some of which nobody had been enough to sow vegetables over all the waste ground in Berkshire.

He was gone, and Hester's fears grew more intense as she knelt beside the motionless form, listening to the laboring breath. Had he fainted, or was it some kind of stroke which made him unconscious? She went into the house for water to bathe his temples. She tried to force a spoonful of brandy between the pallid lips, but without success. She could only watch the face which the moonlight whitened, and note how it had aged and altered for the worse since July, three months had done the work of years. Every line had deepened, and there was something worse than age, the pale, dull, soddened look of the habitual drinker.

Gerard came back after a quarter of an hour that seemed an age.

"Dowling has started," he said. "I waited till I had seen him go. It is nearly an hour's walk there and back. Your folly in setting your face against a walk has left us without a messenger in a dilemma like this. Hasn't he got his senses back yet?"

He stood looking down at the figure stretched at full length across the pathway. The path in front of the window was narrow, and by a happy chance Nicholas Davenport had fallen with his head upon the edge of the plain where the turf was thick and soft. Gerard looked down at him with but little compunction, a sorry figure in his shirt and shoulder boots split and down at heel, trowsers torn at the knees and ragged at the edge.

"I wonder whether the rector of Lowcombe would urge me to make this man my father-in-law," thought Gerard; and then moved by some better feeling he stooped down to lift the heavy head from the ground, and with the help conveyed the unconscious form into the drawing-room and laid it on the sofa, where Hester placed a down pillow under the ragged hair and spread a plush coverlet over the motionless limbs.

"Is there anything else that we can do?" she asked piteously.

"I am afraid not. I am lamentably ignorant of all medical treatment. If Lilian were here she would be ever so much more use. I'm afraid it is some kind of fit."

"Do you think he is dying?" Hester asked, horror-stricken.

She was kneeling by the sofa, holding her father's hand, which was cold and inert.

"I don't know. I know nothing except that fall just now can hardly have killed him."

"If it had you would have been his murderer," she said, horrified at his callousness.

"Would you have preferred me to stand by and hear him insult you—you who have been his devoted slave—who sacrificed all the joys of girlhood to his necessities?"

No, he had no compunction. This dotard had broken in upon their lives, bringing horror and agitation into their peaceful home; this dotard to whom Hester owed nothing, whom she had been already overpaid in filial duty. He had no compunction, he the young man who had raised his hand against age and infirmity—he had no more regret for this thing than he might have felt if he had kicked a stray mongrel from his threshold. He felt nothing but anger against the hazard of life which had brought this most ineligible visitor to his retreat, and had perhaps made a happy union with Hester impossible henceforward. He knew how exaggerated ideas of duty to this drunken log, knew her willingness to sacrifice herself. How could he tell what line she might take?

Legalize their union, forsooth! Create a legal link between himself and yonder carrion! Go through the rest of his life ticketed with a disgraceful father-in-law! Hester had kept up in the room with that unconscious item of poor humanity. He went out and paced the gravel walk from end to end, and back again, and back again, with monotonous repetition, waiting for the coming of the doctor who did not come. The gardener came back in something more than an hour to say that the doctor had been summoned to a distant farmhouse where there was a baby expected, and would doubtless remain there till the birth of the baby. The farmhouse was nearly five miles on the other side of Lowcombe. All that the doctor's wife could promise was that her husband should go to the Rosary as soon as possible after his return home.

Thus, through the long October night there was nothing to be done but to wait and watch in patience. The air grew chill as morning approached, and Gerard came back to the drawing-room where Hester had kept up the fire and where the lamp was still burning. The old man's breathing was quieter and he seemed now to have sunk into a deep sleep.

"He will do well enough," said Gerard, looking at the unlovely sleeper. "There is a Providence that watches over drunkards."

"Gerard, Gerard, how cruel you are!"

"Do you expect me to be kind? I would have given thousands to keep that man out of our life."

"You gave him the money that set him on the wrong path," she said.

"I gave him money to get rid of him. I saw your life sacrificed to an imaginary claim. I saw your youth fading—your beauty with a blight upon it—the blight of poverty and care. He was the only bar to our happiness, and I swept him out of my way. We have been happy, Hester. For pity's sake don't tell me you care more for that wreck of humanity than you care for me!"

"I care for him because he is my father and has such need of my love."

"Ah, that is the old story. Well, you can go on caring for him—vicariously. We will put him in a sanitorium where his declining years will be made comfortable, and where he will be protected from his pernicious inclinations."

She took no notice of this speech. She was sitting as she had sat through the greater part of that night, holding her father's hand, stooping now and then to moisten his forehead with a handkerchief dipped in Eau-de-Cologne, listening to his breathing, hoping for the daylight and the coming of the doctor.

Daylight came at last, chilly and misty, and later daylight Mr. Mivor, the long established and trusted family practitioner, was ushered into the room by a sleepy housemaid who had heard with wonder that there was an invalid in the house, a person who had arrived unexpectedly in the night and for whom a bedroom was to be aired and made ready. Hester had scarcely moved at daybreak to call the servants, and had seen to the lighting of a fire in this unused bedroom, a pleasant room enough, looking out upon the shrubbered approach to the park-like meadows beyond.

Mr. Mivor had heard various conversations about the young couple at the Rosary, but as a discreet practitioner and a man of the world had refrained from all expression of opinion. He was not the less interested in this small social mystery, and his curiosity was considerably increased by what he saw this morning—those two pale faces, the man's sullen and heavy, the woman's anxious and haggard, the old man's, and between them this shabby, disreputable figure, this sodden countenance in which the medical eye was quick to see the indications of habitual intemperance.

"When did the seizure occur?" he asked, after he had made his examination.

"Soon after one o'clock."

"Was he in good health up to that time?"

"I don't know. He came into the house—an unexpected visitor—and collapsed down almost immediately. He has been unconscious ever since," Gerard answered deliberately.

"And there was no exciting cause—no quarrel—no shock of any kind? I interrogated the doctor, with a sharp look at the speaker.

"It may have been a shock to him to find us—in his state of mind—which I take it was not of the clearest."

"You think he had been drinking?"

"I think it very likely that he had."

Mr. Mivor asked no further questions for the time being. He took out a neat little leather case, which he was in the habit of carrying with him in his professional rounds, and from this closely packed repository he selected a powder which he administered to the patient with his own hands, gravely watchful of him all the time. The old man's eyes opened for a moment or two, only to close again.

"You will want a trained nurse," he said, presently, "if this person is to remain in your house—and, indeed, it would not be safe for him to be moved for some days."

"He will remain here, I shall help to nurse him," said Hester, who had resumed her seat by the sleeper's pillow. "He is my father."

"Your father! I did not know there was anyone else," said the doctor, not a little surprised at this revelation, for he had noted the ragged flannel shirt, the shoulder boots and the general aspect of foulness and decay which made the old man's presence in that room a cause of wonder.

Poor father! The poor human wreck the father of the beautiful Mrs. Hanley about whom there had been so many speculations! Hester had never seen her father drunk right, after all, and did she really come from the gutter?

He looked at the old man's face more thoughtfully than before. Bloated and disfigured as those features were by evil habits, they did not show the coarse modelling which might proceed to go with low birth. The hand lying inert on the plush coverlet was small and finely formed—a hand that had never been hardened by the labor of generations. The man might once have been a gentleman. The capacity for intemperance is immeasurable in some gentle blood.

Mr. Mivor was not quite satisfied with the aspect of the case. He did not implicitly believe that story of the old man's entrance upon the scene and immediate collapse. The stroke was a paralytic stroke, he had no doubt of that—but he suspected that there was something being kept from him, and he saw all the more suspicious after Mrs. Hanley's admission of her relationship to the patient. His duty, however, lay clear before him. Whatever might have happened in the small hours of the night that was gone—even if there had been a quarrel between the old man and the young couple and violence of some kind, as he suspected, the man was not dead. His duty was to cure him if he could, and his interest was to keep his suspicions to himself.

"I'll telegraph to London for a hospital nurse, if you like," he said.

"Pray do," assented Gerard, ringing the bell. "I'll write off your telegram as soon as it is written."

"And in the meantime," said the doctor, writing his message at a table where there were all the necessary materials ready to his hand, "I will help you to get the patient comfortably to bed."

"His room is quite ready," Hester said. "I can do anything for him—I am used to waiting upon him."

"He has been ill before now, I suppose, then?"

"Never so bad as this. I never saw him unconscious as he was—after he fell."

Her faltering accents and the distress in her face assured Mr. Mivor that his conjecture was well founded, but he pressed her with no further questioning, and quietly, with the skill and gentleness of the trained practitioner he assisted the scared man-servant to carry the shivering form to the room above, and assisted Hester in removing the weather-stained outer garments, and settling the patient comfortably in the bed that had been aired and made ready.

The fire burned cheerily in the old-fashioned grate, the autumn sun shone brightly outside. The room with its dainty furniture, its white enamelled furniture looked fresh and pure as if it had been prepared for a bride—and there on the best lay the victim of his own vices—the negative sins of sloth and intemperance which are supposed to injure only the sinner.

"My poor father has been wandering about the country till his clothes have got into this condition," Hester said to the doctor, apologetically, as she took off his garments on a chair. "I have a trunk full of his clothes in the house, ready for him when he shows signs of the time when he will tell you that he has been the victim of intemperate habits, induced in the first instance by acute neuralgia. He is very proud to be pitied—you won't tell anyone, will you?"

"Tell anyone! My dear young lady, what do you think doctors are made of? Family secrets are as sacred for us as they are for the priesthood. It was very easy for me to guess that drink—and only drink—could have brought a gentleman into such a pass. And now I shall leave you to take care of him till the nurse arrives. I daresay she will be here early in the afternoon. I'll look in before dark."

When he was gone Hester examined her father's pockets. In the large outside pocket of the shooting jacket there was a shattered volume of Horace, containing the satires, the margins annotated in Nicholas Davenport's small penmanship—penmanship which had retained something of its original microscopic neatness, in spite of shaken nerves and tremulous fingers. In the breast pocket of the same coat there were a good many pages of manuscript with many interlineations and blottings, indicative of strenuous labor. These were all of the same character, metrical translations of some of the satires. These attempts indicated extraordinary labor, the same passages being reproduced over and over again—now in one metre, now in another—but in no case of the work was finished. There were all the marks of a weakened will directing a once powerful intellect.

Hester gave these pages to Gerard presently when he came in to look at the patient. She gave them to him in silence, not even looking at him lest her face should express too intense a reproach. The attempted translation proved how completely the scholar had been duped by the man who had deliberately tempted him back into the way of vice.

"Poor fellow! Yes, he tried to earn my money. He had the instinct of a gentleman. I was a wretch and you do well to hate me for despise me. I am worthy of nothing better."

"Hate you!" she repeated, in a low, broken voice, "you know I can never do that. You did not know what you were doing, or you never could have done such a cruel thing. You have ruined him, body and soul; but I am as much to blame as you. If I had been half as myself and to him I might have found him and brought him back."

"Yes, if you had sacrificed youth and love and loveliness, and all fair things in this brief life for that worn out hulk. No, Hester, I am not brutal enough to wish you to have done so much; but he is the victim of his own instincts, and if the opportunity had not come from my hand it would have come from some other hand. I should be much more sorry if you had gone on with that dull, cruel slavery which cut you off from all the joys that youth has a right to claim from life. I should be sorry if your patient drudgery, your blank, pleasureless days. I would have done a worse thing than I did to rescue you, even though I must do the best we can for him," with a reluctant glance at the sleeper. "After all, he is no worse off than many a millionaire struck down in the midst of his possessions. To this complexion we must all come at last."

Hester answered nothing to his philosophical summing up of the matter. She took her seat by the bedside, watchful, ready to carry out the doctor's instructions, which were of the simplest. There was little more to be done. The old man might awaken from that heavy and prolonged slumber in his right mind, or he might not. She could but wait and watch. She had drawn down the blinds, and sat in the subdued light—sat with folded hands and lips which moved in prayer to that Personal God of whose non-existence the scientific studies had assured her. But in this hour of agony and self-reproach her thoughts went back into the old paths; and she was the child Christ again, and found some touch of comfort. Surely somewhere, somehow, there must exist some spirit of love and pity, some mind greater than the mind of man, to which sorrow could make its appeal—in which despair could find a refuge from itself. All the peoples of the earth had felt the necessity for a God, and this blind groping after the Great Spirit mean nothing, after all? The words of her new teacher—words of power from the pen of one who had thought long and deeply, who had brought culture and pure science to bear upon the problems of life and mind—came back to her in all their infinite consolatory meaning—words of men who said there was no God, and that the world was none the poorer for the loss of Him—the words of men who said that this life could be full of grace and pleasantness and hope and love, albeit there was no better life beyond, and our beloved dead were verily and for ever dead.

And then words more familiar, words known long before, recurred with a quieting power, like the sound of sweet music, and a gush of tears loosened the iron bonds that seemed to hold her heart, and a ray of hope stole in upon the dreary waste of her thoughts. "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

"ALAS FOR ME, THEN, MY GOOD DAYS ARE DONE."

Life went by with dull and measured pace after that night of terror. Nicholas Davenport recovered consciousness after that prolonged slumber, which may have marked the exhaustion following upon long wanderings from village to village, poor food, and unseemly nights in wretched beds. Hester found a rough record of his journeyings in his pockets, in the shape of crumpled tavern bills—bills which gave a date a weekly account from the landlord of a little inn at Abingdon. This dated as far back as August, and it was evident the old man had gone to Abingdon almost immediately upon the receipt of Gerard's money, that he with some dim idea of being near Oxford and the Bodleian, or it might be from some memories of joyous days spent along the river when he was an under-graduate. There were several bills from the Abingdon inn, spread over a period of six or seven weeks, and the bills marked a downward progress in the drunkard's career, each successive account showing a larger consumption of alcohol. The last account was not receipted, and it seemed but too likely that the old man had left in debt.

Later bills showed a journey down the river, by land or water. The names of the towns or villages where he had stopped had a rustic sound, and gave no signs of the town where stood his old-fashioned. The Ring of Bells. The Old House at Home. The First and Last. But whatever the sign might be, Nicholas Davenport's bill showed that his chief outlay had been for alcohol—brandy in the beginning. Later, when his funds were dwindling, the drink had been gin. The unhappy man had chosen the very worst direction for his fated footsteps, for in those low-lying rural villages by the river side he must have found the atmosphere most calculated to bring back those neuralgic agonies which had been first the cause, and afterwards both cause and excuse, for his intemperance. His daughter's care and indulgence had kept the fiend at a distance, but he had gone in the very way of his old enemy. The last in date of all bills was a scrawling memorandum from a wayside public house in the next village to Lowcombe, and hardly two miles from the Rosary. It was doubtless from the fireside gossips of the tap room that Nicholas Davenport had heard that description of Mr. and Mrs. Hanley and their manner of life which made it easy to assume their identity with Gerard and Hester. And now he was stretched on a sick bed, helpless the power of movement lost to the long hard limbs; helpless and almost imbecile. The mind was dim and blurred. Memory was gone, save for rare and sudden flashes of recollection which had about them something strange and unearthly that thrilled his daughter with awe. Some sudden allusions to the past, some sharp, clear sentence would come and scared her as if the dead had spoken. His imbecility seemed far less unnatural, less painful even, than these transient revivifications of sense and memory.

The nursing sister, a quiet, orderly person between thirty and forty, tall, broad-shouldered, ignorant, and with a hearty appetite for her meals, relieved Hester's watches in the invalid's room; and after the first week a male attendant was engaged who would be able to assist in getting the patient into the open air so soon as he should be well enough to be moved into a bath chair and wheeled about the gardens and lanes. Mr. Mivor explained to Hester that her father's condition was not so much an illness as a state. He had little hope in any marked recovery, physical or mental. Mr. Davenport's constitution had been destroyed by intemperance, and the surprise, the shock, whatever it was that brought about the seizure of the other night, had only precipitated a crisis that was in a measure inevitable.

Hester's color came and went as she listened to his opinion. She lifted her eyes to the doctor with an imploring look.

"Tell me the truth, Mr. Mivor, the whole truth. Do you really and honestly think that what happened the other night has made hardly any difference to my father—that this sad state of things must have come about even if——"

"Even if there had been no agitating cause—no fall. Yes, I do. But the fall came before the stroke, I think, did it not?"

"Yes, it came before. And then in trembling accents she went on, "I am so anxious to know the truth, to know the worst even, that I must tell you all. You have promised to keep our secret?"

"Yes, yes, be assured that you can trust me."

"I left my home to spend my life with Mr. Hanley—left without my father's knowledge. He was away from our poor lodgings at the time—and I thought that he had deserted me, and I may have cared less on that account perhaps. But he had not meant to abandon me, I am sure. He had gone away under a misapprehension, and after wandering about the country he found us here—and he was not quite himself, I think, for he spoke to me cruelly—with words which no father——"

She broke down, sobbing out the bitter memory of that night. The worthy doctor soothed her with kindly sympathy. He had seen much of those storms of care and woe, anger and strife, which rage in the households whose outward seeming is peace and pleasantness, and he had a tender heart for the sorrows of his patients, especially for a young and beautiful woman who was expiating the sin of having loved too well, and who was evidently not of the clay of which sinners are made.

"Don't tell me my anger," he said; "there were high words—a little bit of a scuffle perhaps, and your father fell. I thought as much when I helped to undress him. I examined him carefully. There were two or three incipient bruises—nothing more. Such a fall would not have produced the seizure. That was the result of gradual decay, the decay of an alcoholized brain. Your father has been the chief sinner against himself."

There was infinite relief in this opinion so far as Gerard was concerned, but it did not lessen the burden of her own remorseful conscience. She blamed herself for this final ruin of the life she had fought so hard to reclaim.

One duty, one atonement only remained, she thought, and that was to bear her burden and to make this broken life as happy as she could. Hester had been happy in spite of poverty in her companionship. That was much. He accepted his surroundings without inquiry or astonishment, and enjoyed the luxuries that were provided for him without asking whence they came. He saw Gerard without agitation, occasionally recognizing him and addressing him by name, as other visitors greeted him, with the ceremonious politeness due to a stranger. And Gerard endured his presence in the house, at first with reluctance, and even going out of his way to pay the feeble old man little attentions when he met him in the garden or neighboring lanes on his journeyings, dragged along in his comfortable Bath chair, wrapped to the chin in fur, with Hester walking at his side. While the scene of that awful night was still fresh in her memory, in the slow hours of waiting for dawn and the doctor, were still fresh in his memory, a touch of pity and compunction for the helpless old man's presence which could not bring comfort or pleasantness into his retreat; but after a month of this monotony of endurance the instinctive impulse to oppress ceased him, even albeit Hester had been careful that he should see as little as possible of that third inmate of the house, lest he should let her know with any details of her father's life, whether he were better or worse, happy or sorrowful. The mere consciousness of the old man's existence became unbearable, and Gerard urged the need of placing him in a sanitorium, where, as he argued, he would be better cared for than in any private home.

Hester was unhesitating in her refusal.

"He could not be happier or better cared for than he is now," she said. "If I thought he were as well cared for, which I doubt, I should not know it, and should be miserable about him."

"That is rather a bad look out for me. And how long is this kind of thing to last?"

"As long as he lives."

"And sacrifice to your friend, Mr. Mivor, he may last for years—a wreck, but a living wreck—and in that case he will outlast me. You mean that, Hester? You mean to cast on a abandon me for—this unlucky old man?"

"Abandon you! Gerard, how could you think of it?"

"But I must think it. A man cannot serve two masters. If you insist upon staying here to nurse your father you can't go to the south with me, and what becomes of our winter in Italy?"

"I have been thinking of that," she said, with a troubled look. "But is it really necessary for you to go to the south? The weather has been so mild."

"It generally is before Christmas. Winter doesn't bite us nor blow its teeth till January."

"And you have been so well."

"Not well enough to face five months cold weather, and winter in my doctor. He told me to winter in the south."

Hester sighed and was silent for a few moments. Oh, that dream of the lovely months spent with that handsome, how fondly she had dwelt upon Browning's Italian poems, upon all those word-pictures of mountain and olive groves, cypress and aloe; the blue lake with the mountain path, the straggling town upon the mountain ridge, the vine-shadowed arbors, the sapphire lakes. And she had denounced this fair dream as foolish and infinitely worse, she had to part from Gerard. If he must go to the south they must be parted.

"I would give up anything rather than leave my father," she said, quietly. "I think you must know how I have looked forward to seeing that lovely south, the country that seem the land of sunshine and love one thinks of them in our prosaic world, with you, with you, Gerard! But if you must go, you must go alone. You will come back to me, won't you, dear? The parting won't be forever?"

"I shall come back—yes, of course, if I live; but it will be hideously dreary for you here all the winter. Surely you could trust your father to the nurse and his man. They are very kind to him, aren't they?"

"Yes, they are kind, and I am here to see that they are kind. How do I know what would happen if I were away. He is very trying sometimes. They might lose patience with him.

"A sharp word would not hurt him once in a way. They would have to be kind to him in the main. His existence means bread and cheese for them, and it would be to their interest to make him comfortable."

"That would not absolve me from my duty, Gerard. No; I must stay with him till the end."

"Well you must do as you please. If you find this place too dismal or too damp you can take your invalid to Hastings or Torquay. He could travel as far as that, I suppose."

"I don't think so. Mr. Mivor said that any fatigue or excitement might be dangerous. It is to be kept as quiet as possible, and this place suits him admirably."

"And he suits Mivor as a patient."

"That's a very Irish insinuation, Gerard. Mr. Mivor might come to see him every day, yet he only comes once in ten days. He told me the other day that he would not come again unless he were sent for; but I urged him to come occasionally just to see that no neglect was arising."

"Well, and I don't grudge Mr. Mivor his fees. I only lament the change that has come into our life—the life we were to lead together," said them, touched by the unutterable sadness in Hester's face, he went on, "after all, if the winter were mild, I might run on here perhaps."

"No, no," she cried eagerly, "you must run no risk. Oh, Gerard, surely you know how precious your life is to me—dearer than any other life. You must know that it is duty that keeps me here—that love would have me always by your side."

"I know that, you have all the obstinate clinging to unthankful duties which is a characteristic of your sex," he said, "or perhaps I ought to say, a characteristic of good women. The bad ones throw their caps over the mill, laugh duty to scorn and, I believe, get the best out of life, the Esau's portion, the savory mess of pottage, while the good women are left with the nick of time. After all, I think that is the best."

He was lying back in his low bergere beside the drawing-room fire, his arms flung up above his head, his eyes gazing dreamily at the flaming logs, in that brief half hour when the cold, pale winter day melts into darkness. He was very fond of Hester still, perfectly contented in her society; but he had begun to think of other idleness than that which was rich and he hated that presence of the old man and his attendants upstairs. One of the rooms that Davenport occupied was over the drawing-room, and Gerard could hear his footseps crossing the floor now and then, the male attendant's heavy tread, the nurse's lighter and softfall, and at nightfall the wheels of the invalid chair drawn slowly across the room. He knew the automatic routine of that sad place, the hour at which the invalid was dressed, his meals, his airing, the business of getting him to bed, which happened before Hester and Gerard sat down to dinner. He knew all these details, though Hester had talked of the patient so little—knew them by their monotonous recurrence. He thought what he would do with himself in the winter, how make life most pleasant to himself now that the spell which had bound him to the Rosary was broken? He had been warned against all excitement. The feverish life of the dissipated


# NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

THE IRELAND NATIONAL FOOD CO., manufacturers of "Our National Foods," respectfully announce to the health seeking public that their specially choice Breakfast Cereals and Hygenic Foods are put up in PACKAGES ONLY. They ask every person who desires a real Oatmeal Porridge, Puddings, &c., to use Desiccated Oats, Wheat, &c., put up in 4 lb. PACKAGES with name and trade mark on each label. They do not put up ordinary goods in these packages, and do not as a rule sell any Desiccated goods in bulk. This announcement is considered necessary because they make ordinary goods and Desiccated goods, and do not wish people to be deceived. Ask for the Desiccated Foods put up in PACKAGES ONLY, as they are far superior to any others.

## The Ireland National Food Co. (Limited)

Telephone 3629 - 109 Cottingham St., Toronto

CANADA'S SUMMER RESORT

## The Iroquois House

IN THE

BELŒIL MOUNTAINS

St. Hilaire, Que., One Hour from Montreal

OPEN FROM MAY 15 TO OCTOBER 1

B. F. CAMPBELL, Managing Director.

A SURE CURE FOR COLDS

DAVIDS' COUGH BALSAM

C. D. DANIEL & CO., 171 King St. East.

## Have You Tried It?

CREME DE ROSE

The New Preparation for the Toilet.

Cures Chapped Hands, Rough Skin, &c.

TRY A BOTTLE

ASK FOR IT AT YOUR DRUGGISTS

## What "THE TIMES" of Ceylon

SAYS OF THIS COMPANY, MAY 4, 1889.

"We are asked by a correspondent, 'Which Company, for the sake of Ceylon Tea at home, does the largest business?' and we really do not think that anybody can answer this question. In all probability, the Ceylon Tea Growers, Limited (Changani Branch), sell more Tea than most, seeing that they have no less than 1,000 Agents in Great Britain alone, and, in the course of twelve months, must sell a very large quantity of Tea."

This is indisputable evidence that this Company is a

GENUINE CEYLON TEA COMPANY

SOLE AGENTS

Hereward Spencer & Co., Tea Merchants

63½ King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

THE BEETH, BREATH, BEAUTY

LABERRY

PRICE 25c

ZOPESA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

# DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE

Produces a delightfully Cooling and Invigorating Sparkling Aerated Water.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SEA SICKNESS, ETC.

W. G. DUNN & CO., London, England, and Hamilton, Canada. PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE.

young man was not for him. The utmost that he could allow himself in the way of relaxation would be the society of clever people, and a little quiet dinner-giving in his fine London house. He could oscillate between London and the Rosary, and Hester need feel no sense of desertion. The winter season had begun: there would be plenty of pleasant people in London. His sister was to be married in the first week of the new year and he would have to be in Devonshire for that occasion. His mother had written to him several times since her return from the continent urging him to go and see her, full of vague uneasiness about the life that he was leading.

"If Hester owes a duty to her father I have my obligation to my kith and kin," he said to himself, in that long reverie by the fireside. "I have to think of the claims of those who have never brought disgrace upon me as that old sot has done upon her."

"What are you thinking of so earnestly, Gerard?" Hester asked presently, watching his face in the fitful light.

"I am thinking of my mother."

The answer chilled her. His mother; yes, he too had those who were near and dear to him—those in whose lives she had no part.

"Your mother. Ah, how kind she was to me, and what ages ago that old life seems. Shall I ever see her again, I wonder," she speculated, with a sigh.

And then the bitter thought followed upon that vague question: What could his mother think of her? Disgraced, dishonored, nameless, an outcast in the sight of such a woman as the rector's wife. She counted nothing upon such a woman's christian charity. She thought of her only as of one who had never been touched by sin, and who could make no allowances.

"Your sister is to be married very soon, I suppose?" she said, interrogatively, after a long pause.

"In the first week of the year. I shall have to be at the wedding."

"Of course. My heart will go with you and all my warmest wishes for her happiness—even though she and I may never meet again."

"Don't harp upon that string, Hester. Let the future take care of itself. You are getting morbid in this odious house."

"Odious! Oh, Gerard, we have been so happy here; I thought you loved this house."

"So I did, while it was full of sunshine and flowers, and before you turned it into a hospital. Don't let us quarrel, Hester. I'm a little tipped, and I shall be saying disagreeable things without meaning them. You have reminded me of my sister's wedding and that I have not even thought of a wedding present. What shall I give her?"

"Something very handsome, of course; but I know how charitable she is, and that she would rather have something for the poor of her new parish."

"She shall have anything else she likes for her poor, but she must have something which she can look at by and by as her brother's gift. Cheques are the most fashionable offerings from rich relatives, so I shall give her a cheque; but there must be something else—a service of plate I think will be best. She and Cumberland would never have the heart to buy silver for themselves. He would say, 'It should be melted down and given to the poor;' but Lilian will not have my gifts melted down. I will go up to town to-morrow and choose the service—fine old Georgian plate such as will not seem an anachronism in their old Georgian house. I know even Cumberland has one small vanity. He wants everything in his house to be of the same period as the building itself."

Gerard went to London on the following morning, and for the first time since he had lived at the Rosary told Hester not to expect his return that evening.

"I may be in London for two or three days," he said. "I have a good deal to do there."

She made no murmur. She saw him off at the gate with a smile, standing waving her hand to him in the clear winter sunlight, and then she went slowly back to the house with an aching heart.

"Alas, for me then, my good days are done," she sighed, like her favorite Elaine.

*(To be Continued.)*


### For Sick Headache.

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. M. W. Gray, Cave Spring, Ga., says: "I have used it with perfect success in habitual sick headache."

Miss Minerva Emerson (from Boston)—My youthful friend, I have meandered from my road, and in asking you to direct me I would have you remember *chi responde presto, as poco.* Therefore reflect a bit and tell me if you fancy you could act as chaperone to guide me out of these labyrinths; if so I would have you not forget that *fideli certa merces!*

Young Lady (from The Bend)—What's you givin' us!—*Life.*


### Two In a Family.

Single instances of a cure are plentiful, but when they come in pairs they begin to show the universal good. Mr. Julius Shasnak, 97 Burling street, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A., January, 1890, says: "My wife and father-in-law suffered for years with neuralgia, but they were entirely cured by St. Jacobs Oil." Families should not be without it.


### Must Have Been a Frenchman.

An unusually handsome West Philadelphia girl entered a street car yesterday, and was greatly embarrassed by a young man opposite, who looked at her for several blocks. At last she exclaimed, indignantly:

"If you were a gentleman you would stop annoying me!"

"Ah, Mademoiselle," he replied, politely raising his hat, "were not beautiful women put on earth to be admired."

What could she do!—*Philadelphia Press.*

### Felt For Him.

"Waiter, I've been here a full hour," said Chanpie, impatiently.

"I've been here since 7 a. m.," returned the waiter. "It's tiresome, ain't it?"—*New York Sun.*

### Cheeky Boy.

He—May I kiss you just once?
She—No.
He—(unabashed)—How many times?

## The Velvet Cloak.

It was a bright morning in early autumn when Hettie Camplin met her friend, Mrs. Danvers, to go shopping with her. Hettie was a modest, sweet-looking little creature, quite a contrast to the dashing woman who now walked beside her. People, in fact, had frequently wondered how the two came to be so intimate.

Hettie's husband had expostulated often. "I don't want to interfere in your friendships, my dear, but I do wish you would see less of Mrs. Danvers," he had said, "I don't fancy her."

The two ladies directly entered Wallace & Duke's fashionable store.

"They have such beautiful cloaks," said Mrs. Danvers, "and you know how we agreed the other day to buy cloaks exactly like."

"I—I don't know—I'm afraid I'll have to give it up," said Hettie hesitatingly. "Dick told me at breakfast he could not afford to give me a new cloak, at least, a velvet one, this winter. He said he was only a clerk with not too large a salary. I've only got forty dollars, which is all he could spare."

"Bother Dick," was the reply. "Who cares what he said? My husband told me, too, only this morning, that I mustn't think of such a thing; but I coolly informed the gentleman I did as I pleased. Guess he knows that pretty well already."

"I wouldn't dare tell Dick that," says Hettie.

"You wouldn't? Poor little soul! You don't know how to manage a husband. The right way is just to get a thing when you want it, and then, you see, when the bill comes in, why, you've got it, and they can't help themselves, so they have to pay for it. That's the way to fix 'em! And it's the very way we are going to do this time."

Hettie knew well that this was very bad advice. Her cheeks burned and she felt very much inclined to turn and walk out of the store, leaving Mrs. Danvers to her own devices. It was a pity she did not obey the wise impulse. For the velvet cloaks were so lovely, she lingered and looked and longed, and at last met the fate of the woman who hesitates.

Mrs. Danvers' wily tongue and bad example prevailed. When they left the store two cloaks were ordered to be sent home, for which each purchaser was to pay sixty dollars; and when Hettie went to bed that night the beautiful velvet thing was locked in a drawer in her wardrobe, not ten feet from the bed.

She meant to tell Dick the very next day; but the longer she thought the more she dreaded it.

"I'll wear it a few times, and then I won't mind it," she said, smoothing out the rich fringe, not feeling particularly happy, however, in the possession of the coveted cloak.

But it was not so easy to wear it. On Sunday she went to church with Dick, and she would never have dared to put it on then. During the week she went out one afternoon with Mrs. Danvers, and then the hidden treasure was put on. Mrs. Danvers was in raptures over its beauty; but Hettie could not enjoy it. She was so afraid of meeting Dick. She would nearly as soon have faced a cannon as have met him and seen the look of grave surprise in his eyes. When Hettie got home she flung the cloak upon a chair, saying:

"Despicable thing! How could I ever have got myself into such a worry! The idea of being afraid to go out for fear of meeting one's own husband! And he the best fellow in the world, too! That's just the reason of it. If he was hateful and wouldn't get me things, why I wouldn't care; but when he is so good and works so hard, poor fellow! I just despise myself for trying to deceive him. I don't think I'll ever wear that thing again!"

However, a week or two later, Dick was obliged to go away from home for a day or two; and then Hettie wore the velvet cloak once more. But she felt as if every eye was upon her; and she took it upstairs when she got home, with a firm resolve to tell Dick and never wear it again until he knew all about it.

But when Dick came back she turned a pitiful little coward and could not open her mouth. She was very miserable and unhappy, and poor Dick wondered and asked in vain what the matter was. She always said "nothing," but she was very unlike her old, cheerful self.

An invitation came to them to spend the holidays with Hettie's married sister in Boston, and Dick, thinking it would do Hettie good, accepted the invitation.

Hettie was anxious to go. But what was she to do? It was needful she should have a new cloak of some kind to go in, or at least while she was in Boston. She couldn't get another while that one was in the house, and how could she tell Dick now? She was in hourly fear, besides, that the bill would be sent in, and then the truth would have to come out.

They were to go the day before Christmas. At supper-time, on the evening of the twenty-third, Dick came in with a bright face and a large pasteboard box in his hand.

"Well, little woman," was his greeting, "it's a bit early for a Christmas present; but you'll want to put it in your trunk to-morrow and so I brought it along. See how you like it."

"What is it?" asked Hettie, as he put the box in her lap.

"Look and see!" He untied the string which fastened the box, took off the cover, and lifted out—oh, dreadful! Hettie's heart flew to her mouth and almost choked her—for it was a rich, black velvet cloak, and one far richer and more elegantly trimmed than the hateful thing locked in her wardrobe drawer upstairs.

Hettie sat an instant, pale and still. Then she rallied, with a determined effort.

"Oh, Dick, how kind you are," she said, as quietly as if her heart was not throbbing like a trip-hammer. "I am afraid you couldn't afford this. I didn't expect it, I'm sure."

"Yes, I could afford it. I would not have bought it, otherwise. I didn't go in debt for it, mind you!"

"What did it cost?" asked Hettie faintly, bending over the box that Dick might not notice her flushed face.

"Seventy dollars. You remember asking for a velvet cloak a while ago?"

"Yes."

"Well, I resolved then if I could possibly spare the money, to get you one for a Christmas present. I wouldn't tell you, for I wanted it to be a pleasant surprise. But I got the nicest one I could find."

"It is beautiful," said Hettie, "and it is a pleasant surprise, for I never thought of it."

"Well, you were such a good little woman to give it up so willingly when I asked you to, that I thought you deserved it."

Poor Hettie had to summon all her nerve to keep from bursting into tears and crying out that she did not deserve it. Just then the supper-bell rang, greatly to her relief, and so telling Dick she would try on the cloak after supper, they went to the cozy little dining-room.

Before supper was over Hettie had taken a resolution. And with the courage it gave her she did try on the velvet cloak after supper, and praised it enough to satisfy even Dick, who received her thanks very graciously and was delighted with the success of his elegant present.

After breakfast next morning, Dick went to the bank, saying he would put his work in order for a few days' absence, and be back for an early dinner. They were to start for Boston at half-past two.

As soon as he was gone, Hettie hurriedly dressed herself, took the box which contained the cloak she had bought, and went straight to Wallace & Duke's. She had a very humiliating task to perform, but it was her only chance; and she determined, if she could, this once, to save herself in her husband's esteem.

"I bought a cloak here a few weeks ago, and on taking it home I find I shall not be able to pay for it this winter," she said, "therefore, I concluded to bring it back. I suppose you will take it if I pay something," she said to the clerk. She had fifteen dollars, and she offered that.

"Well, madam," says he, "we don't often take back or exchange goods unless they are returned immediately. But if the cloak is in good order——"

"It has never been even out of the box but twice," said Hettie, not feeling obliged to say she had worn it, "it is entirely uninjured. Please look at it and see."

"Well, it won't sell as well as a month ago, and so we will have to take the fifteen dollars to cover our loss."

The clerk looked at it, found it just as Hettie had represented, and consented to receive it back.

Hettie left the store with a lighter heart than she had had for weeks.

When Dick came to dinner he was struck by her high spirits. As she put on her hat to go to the depot, he said:

"Hettie, I'm glad you're going off so brightly. My little wife has had the dumps this long time, and I couldn't guess why."

"Needn't try, then," laughed Hettie. "Well, she won't have them any more. And, Dick, I'll tell you one thing—I'm not going with Jenny Danvers any more."

"Glad to hear it," said Mr. Dick, dryly. Privately he wondered what Madame Jenny had been up to now; but he did not ask questions; no wise husband does.

As for Hettie, it was a bitter lesson and a wholesome one, that of the velvet cloak.

### A Knowing One.

"No, sir! They don't catch me a blowin' out the gas."—*Life.*

### Not in Harmony With Burnt Cork.

G. Washington Coon (purchasing suit of clothes)—I'se 'fraid, sah, dat dese trowsers am 'bout fo' sizes too big fo' me.

Cohen—But dot was English, mine friend!

G. Washington Coon—Mebbe, sah; but it 'pears to me dat my complexion don't go very well wif dat Anglo-maniac craze.—*Puck.*

### Have They Female Suffrage?

It is now provided by a law passed in Denmark, that all drunken persons shall be taken home in carriages, at the expense of the landlord who sold him the last glass.

### Ah, There!

The policeman was seen to start suddenly, as if from a deep reverie. After going to the patrol-box and turning in his call, he returned to the gas-lamp and proceeded to carefully adjust something that he took from his overcoat pocket. Then he replaced it, and placidly resting his head against the lamp post, was heard to murmur: "Begorrah, thim alarrum-clocks doon be a gret t'ing fur the foorce."

### A Dainty Meal.

Dude (at the railroad restaurant)—Waitaw! got any green peas?

Waiter—Yes, sir; have some?

Dude—Yaas; bwing me three.

Waiter—Anything else, sir?

Dude—Yes; a stwaberry cut in thin slices.

Waiter—All right, boss; anything else?

Dude—Ah, gwacious! what do you take me foh; a perfect hog, eh?

### Two Queer Advertisements.

"Wanted, an able-bodied man at a country rectory, willing to make himself generally useful; must have thorough knowledge of chickens, pigs, and understand milking; must be able to drive horses and groom them; ring the church bells, dig graves, be cheerful mourner, and not object to carry coffin; where parlor-maid is kept."

As a curiosity, however, this advertisement is eclipsed by the following: "Wanted, for a newly erected church, a gentleman of elegant manners and insinuating address to conduct the theological department to a refined audience. It is expected that he should possess a white hand and a diamond ring. One who limps and is short-sighted, and who has a due regard for amiable weaknesses, will be preferred."

The advertisement went on to say that if he was pleasant and accommodating he would be invited to plenty of parties, and that it was essential he should know a few college jokes in order to amuse the people with whom he came in contact.

### Take the Picturesque Erie Railway to New York.

Parties visiting New York should always be careful to have their tickets read via the Erie. They run magnificent through sleepers from Toronto, and attach the finest dining cars in the United States for meals. The Erie is a double-track road from Suspension Bridge to New York. The officials of this great road deserve great credit for the grand service they have given to the people in Canada, and we hope this favorite route will be well patronized.

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyvian, M. F. H., by May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by booksellers everywhere.


### Ready for Anything.

Call (who drops in unexpectedly)—Goodness gracious, my dear Esmarck! What has happened?

Esmarck—Don't be alarmed, old fellow. You see Mrs. Esmarck joined a First Aid to the Injured class during Lent and we're giving the children a few lessons.—*Puck.*

IT IS NEWS TO MANY WOMEN

WHAT IS?

THE "SURPRISE WAY" of washing clothes with "SURPRISE SOAP" without boiling or scalding a single piece—snowy white linens and cottons—colored goods brighter, woollen softer and a saving of half the hard work. A great many women wash this way with these results—you can too. "SURPRISE" is not a high priced Soap. Ask your grocer.

READ the Directions on the Wrapper.

*"SURPRISE SOAP" can be used for any and every purpose a Soap is used.*

D. GRANT & CO.

ARE THIS WEEK SHOWING A MAGNIFICENT ASSORTMENT OF

Rich Dress Silks, Wool Dress Goods, Washing Dress Fabrics, Hosiery, Gloves, Laces, Ribbons, Trimmings, Parasols, Umbrellas

ALSO

Millinery, Mantle and Costume Showrooms Now Open for the Season

NOTE---Our Dressmakers have just received from New York all the latest designs for House, Street, Carriage, Dinner and Evening Costumes.

Inspection invited by D. GRANT & CO. at

New Stores, 206 and 208 Yonge St.

The Season for Travelling to Europe

Is now commencing, and the greatest necessity and convenience to intending tourists is a trunk that can be taken into the cabin of the steamship and also strong enough to be used on the railways.

We have this season made a special trunk that is the correct size to go under the berth on shipboard, and is of sufficient strength to withstand the usage received on railway journeys.

H. E. CLARKE & CO.

105 King Street West

BEECHAM'S PILLS

ACT LIKE MAGIC

ON A WEAK STOMACH

For Sale by All Druggists

NO PRESENT

REQUIRED TO SELL

HICKMAN'S

Bo-Ka-Te

*(Bouquet Tea)*

50c. per lb. 5 lbs. for $2.25

If you like a cup of good tea such as cannot be bought in any other store in the city, try it. We guarantee it will please you.

(TELEPHONE 5061)

HICKMAN & CO.

PARKDALE KASH GROCERY

1424 Queen Street West.

SPORTING GOODS

LADIES' SAFETY RUDGE

The merits of RUDGE BICYCLES are well known and appreciated by experienced wheelmen. An examination of the machines themselves speaks more forcibly than any attempt at description.

They are all made with Ball Bearings throughout, including Pedals, and are fitted with Garford's latest patent Saddle.

They are Built Specially for Canadian Roads

Rudge wheels fitted with Cushion Tyres for ladies or gentlemen.
Rudge No. 1 in seven varieties.
Rudge, with cushion tyres, for gentlemen, $110.
Rudge, with solid tyres, $95.

EVERY WHEEL GUARANTEED

We employ first-class English workmen in our repairing department.

H. P. DAVIES & CO.

81 Yonge Street, Toronto

# THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

| | |
|---|---|
| One Year | $2 00 |
| Six Months | 1 00 |
| Three Months | 50 |

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

A liberal rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. IV] TORONTO, MAY 2, 1891. [NO. 23


## Music.

"I am curious to see your notice of Iolanthe in SATURDAY NIGHT," was said to me a day or two ago. Well, it is rather a difficult subject for me to handle for reasons which are obvious to many of my readers. Probably my best plan will be to confine myself to a few general remarks upon the salient facts. The social aspect of the event will, I ween, be touched upon in another column by Lady Gay, but I cannot help referring to the wisdom which led to the community of interest between the Harmony Club and the Royal Grenadiers, resulting in a success as far as the houses are concerned at all events. Another wise act was the engagement of Mr. Arthur H. Bell as stage manager. Apart from his personal excellence as the Lord Chancellor, every detail of the success which was attendant upon what the eye saw was entirely due to Mr. Bell alone whose watchful care and thorough knowledge of his work pervaded everything. Whatever musical success was achieved is largely due to the labors of a lady whose name did not appear on the bills. This was Miss Ada Hart who acted as accompanist during all the rehearsals and whose assistance was suitably acknowledged by the presentation of a beautiful ring after the last performance, when a half-hour of social relaxation was agreeably spent by the performers. Another point that strikes many is the fact that two performances of amateur opera should have been adjudged so successful in both performance and public appreciation as The Mikado and Iolanthe, occurring within two weeks of each other. Toronto may well be proud of its musical talent and all will, I am sure, join me in wishing and hoping that the Sheridan Club may join the Harmony Club and the Mikado in establishing the excellence of Toronto amateurs.

•

The J. C. Duff Comic Opera Company has returned to Toronto for a week's season of comic opera and opened to a very good house on Monday evening. Up to the time of writing I have been able to attend only one of its performances, the first one of The Red Hussar. This opera is by F. R. Stephens and Mr. Lillian Russell—I should say Mr. Teddy Solomon. It is an opera with the usual gauzy comic opera plot of the present day, possessing no dramatic interest, but being of Queen Anne's time it affords abundant scope for picturesque costuming which has been liberally used. The music is very good and without showing great inspiration in any case shows fair originality. The orchestration is very good indeed, showing that Mr. Solomon is not afraid to use the forces at his command and make them work. In fact one would almost fancy that he had been in Boston about the time that the late lamented John Stetson found fault with a trombone player in the orchestra of the theater. The gentleman with the elongator was quietly looking on while his confreres were playing. Stetson asked him, "Why are you not playing?" The man replied, "I have twelve bars rest." "Twelve bars rest! I won't have anybody taking rests while I pay him wages. You play, sir, or leave the orchestra!" Presumably on this principle, Mr. Solomon has kept his orchestra fully occupied. The result is that though there is a fine orchestra of eighteen men playing in the Red Hussar, their work is loud and heavy. Possibly if Mr. Julian Edwards would look to this he might produce a little more elegance and brightness in his orchestral accompaniments.

•

The chorus is a splendid one. Twenty-four ladies and sixteen men sing with a fine solid body of tone, which only wants accentuation and clean attacks to make it one of the best ever heard in Toronto. The figures and evolutions introduced and so efficiently carried out reflect great credit upon Mr. Joseph C. Fay, whose work as stage manager is more than excellent. As nearly everybody knows, he is an old Toronto boy. The opera is full of good work for the chorus and many fine stage-pictures are given. Miss Marie Tempest certainly achieved a success. She is a good singer, has a good voice and sings with a certain charm, but her vocal efforts are not the chief part of her powers. As a comedienne she shows a spontaneity almost amounting to exuberance, which is yet without exaggeration, and makes all her work "go" from the moment she appears upon the stage. Pretty little Miss Leonore Snyder is as charming as ever and with her sweet voice was a powerful rival of Miss Tempest. The Mrs. Magpie presented by Miss Fannie Edwards was a good bit of work. Mr. Clement Bainbridge seemed to me to be falling off a little from his former excellence. He is becoming conventional. I noticed that he has not forgotten that our army swore when it was in Flanders, but he delicately contents himself with one little German oath which fell upon the house with a dull, sickening thud. Have you ever noticed how funereally a German "gag" is received in Toronto? The performers might better fire Greek at the heads of the audiences.

•

A host in himself was Mr. George Lauri as Corporal Rundy, who was very funny indeed. I have not determined whether this brave soldier was supposed to have come from Ireland, Lancashire, or Somerset, his accent was so thoroughly mixed. Mr. Charles Bassett somehow never gives me the idea of the heroic in his parts. It may be the lack of a proper "make-up" which leaves the stamp of Bassett upon Ralph Rodney or Faust or whatever he may represent at the time. Yet he sings satisfactorily though not as well as he is able to. It seems to me to lack practice and care. I am sorry to see this as his voice as I first heard it some three years ago, was a beautiful one, and maturer manhood has given him greater power. Mr. McLaughlin, of course, was popular as Leighton. His fine voice makes him popular everywhere. The other operas played this week may furnish food for reflection in my next.

•

On Thursday of last week the choir of the Bathurst street Methodist church gave an organ recital and concert on the occasion of the opening of their fine new organ built by Messrs. Lye & Sons. The organ is a handsome one, with a good variety of stops and with a very rich tone. The choir, under the direction of Mr. E. J. Shirley, with Mrs. Ferris at the organ, sang several choruses in excellent style. Solos were sung by Mrs. Leadlay, Mrs. Forsythe and Mr. E. J. Lye, while organ selections were given by Mrs. Ferris, Mr. Arthur Blakeley, Mr. W. J. McNally and Mr. A. H. Lye.

•

On Monday evening a large audience attended the sacred concert given at Trinity Methodist church in aid of the Choir Fund. The choir, under Mr. W. J. McNally, organist and choirmaster of the church, sang a number of anthems in very good style, and solos were sung by Mrs. A. W. Bilght, Mrs. Clements, Mrs. Forsythe, Miss Benson, Mr. R. G. Kirby, Mr. F. W. Lee and Mr. C. W. Baxter.

•

On Monday evening next the Mozart Quartette will give a sacred concert at Cecil street Church of the Disciples, and on Thursday evening the Ladies' Choral Club under the direction of Miss Hillary will give its concert at Association Hall. A fine programme of part music has been arranged containing among other numbers the well known Soedermann Swedish Wedding March, Mendelssohn's Laudate Pueri Dominum (rather a queer title, by the way, for a work for ladies' voices!) and Roeckel's Cantata, Westward Ho! in which the solos, recitatives and duets will be sung by members of the club. Mrs. Caldwell will also assist in the programme. The proceeds will be given to the furnishing fund of the Hospital for Sick Children.

METRONOME.

## The Drama.

During the latter half of last week Toronto's fairest and bravest were delighted by the Harmony Club's performance of Iolanthe. The event was more social than dramatic or musical, but was delightful from all points of view. A fortnight ago I spoke of the enjoyableness of a performance by amateurs, and what I then said applies equally well to the performance of Iolanthe. Mr. A. H. Bell, the stage-manager, was imported from New York and the opera was conducted by a local gentleman. Of course comparisons are always odious, but it is but just to say that though the performance quite equalled that of the Mikado during the week previous, the addition of a conductor and New York stage-manager did not add any perceptible excellence to the Iolanthe performance. The little accidents were, however, carried off by the charming and spirited acting of the principals. The individual members of the cast are written of on this page by Metronome.

"Now in respect that it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect that it is not in the court, it is tedious," says my distinguished namesake in As You Like It. And of Aunt Jack, the attraction at the Academy during the latter half of last week, I say: In respect that it is of Farce, it pleaseth me well; but in respect that it is of the Drama, it pleaseth me not. From a farce-comedy point of view it is above the average. From a dramatic point of view it is, as a whole, bad. It is an English production and differs from the American farce-comedy in the substitution of genuine humor for horseplay. Most of the characters are original. There are besides an old barrister and a young barrister; an attractive spinster of uncertain age, aunt of the young barrister, and a retired colonel; a young lady, niece of the colonel; a country solicitor, a young lord and the beauteous widow of an American millionaire. These people get themselves into various entanglements through the secret marriage of the young barrister to the colonel's niece; a suit for breach of promise, the attractive spinster vs. the retired colonel; the proposal of the old barrister, retained for the defendant, to the plaintiff, and the adolescent lord's wooing of the American widow, through his legal advisor, the young barrister. The author of the play is Ralph Lumley. It would appear that he built the farce to introduce the song Ask a Policeman. In the first and second acts the play almost equals the best modern French comedy, but the last act, with its burlesque court scene, spoils the whole performance. It would be possible for a clever playwright to re-write Aunt Jack and make it one of the finest dramatic conceits of the last few years, but with the third act such as it is the whole piece is rendered flat and the previous clever action and dialogue foolish and unnecessary. Like the Tornado champagne which is introduced in the second act, it does not fizz. The whole play is supposed to hinge on the singing of the song mentioned, which is for no particular reason sung, and the last act merely introduces this song which is entirely out of keeping with the refined humor of the rest of the play. Such decrepitude in a comedy, on first appearances so strong, is deplorable.

In the cast of Aunt Jack have appeared at times such well known artists as James Booth and Joseph Haworth. The characters are evenly developed, there being no opportunity for "starring." In the first two acts much of the fun, as in the French comedy, is in the action and by-play. The company which presented the play in Toronto left nothing to be desired. The characters are supposed to be ladies and gentlemen and the actors were ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Chas. Bowser was irresistible as the old barrister, Berkeley Brue. He has a perfect command of facial expression and a voice which entirely suits his part. Mr. George Backus has a splendid stage presence and made a perfect Caleb Cornish, the handsome young barrister. Perhaps special praise should be given to Mr. Charles W. Butler as Juffin, the country solicitor. His work consisted chiefly in his action and he managed this most difficult of comedian's work in a manner that convulsed all. He was quiet and unobtrusive and always funny. Mr. E. A. Eberle gave a good impersonation of the brusque colonel. Mr. Jerome Kingsbury was a very enjoyable representative of the Dundreary-like Lord St. John Brompton. The other gentlemen in the cast were successful. Miss Ffolliott Paget, who took the part of Aunt Jack, was splendid. A woman comedian capable of keeping up a continuous flow of refined comedy is rare, but Miss Paget is one who possesses this gift. She showed that capability of imbuing her part with her personality that is possessed by but a few great comedians. Miss Bertha Creighton made a charming Mildred and Miss Alice Butler a fascinating Widow. On the whole no better company has appeared on a Toronto stage for many a long day.

•

At the Grand this week the charming little English girl, Marie Tempest, has been showing her versatility by a range o'er the characters of the mercurial Kitty in the Red Hussar, the captivating Dorothy, the artless Aria and the devilmentful Carmen.

TOUCHSTONE.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

David Belasco is at work on the new play he is writing for Mrs. Carter in which she is to appear at the new Fifth avenue theater next season.

Sardou's play of Thermidor was produced at the Lessing theater in Berlin, not long ago. In response to the applause the manager, Dr. Blumenthal, thanked the audience in the name of the author who, he said, "took the deepest interest in the performance of his work at Berlin," an assertion to which Sardou replied as follows in the Paris papers the next day: "If the statement be true that Mr. Blumenthal took upon himself to thank the Berlin public 'in my name' for the reception they gave to my piece, he quite overstepped his prerogative, while as regards the interest which he says I took in the production of Thermidor at Berlin, it consisted in my striving to hinder the performance of my piece in Germany by every possible means, even through the diplomatic channel."

The singers for J. W. Morrissey's spring season of opera in English at the Grand Opera House, New York, will come from nearly every quarter of the world. Montegriffo, the tenor, will arrive in New York in time for rehearsals of Trovatore, the opening opera. Stormont, late of Her Majesty's, London, now with the Emma Juch company in Mexico, will alternate with Tagliapetra in the baritone *roles*. Stormont is said to be excellent as Valentine in Faust, the Count in the Bohemian Girl, and Plunket in Martha. W. H. Clark, the well known Canadian, and Wilfred Waters have been engaged respectively as basso and basso cantante. Camille Muteri, a young prima donna, comes from San Francisco. She will sing the title *roles* in Martha and Carmen, while the leading soprano parts in Faust, Lucia, Trovatore and Martha will be assumed by Louise Natali and Miss Lundis. The contraltos are Bella Tomlins and Bertha Linde.

*Modern Society* says of Mrs. Langtry's latest production, Linda Grey: "Is it possible that the hand that wrote Jim the Penman was responsible for Linda Grey? There does not seem to be any doubt about the matter, but it was scarcely an act of reverence to the memory of the late Sir Charles Young to put upon the stage a play which, at the best, could only pass muster as a crude effort of an ambitious and budding dramatist. The play is full of those gross improbabilities which pass muster in melodrama but which are fatal in a society play. The leading part enables Mrs. Langtry to wear some rich costumes and to act with a large amount of energy. Of course she looks superb, especially in the supper scene where she exercises all her woman's wiles on the unsuspecting Parkhurst. Mr. Herbert Standing acts this part with smoothness and distinction and Mr. Bernard Gould is earnest as the hero. The rest of the company must be condoled with on having parts with which they can make very little. The play is expensively mounted, the furniture in Linda's house being luxurious in the extreme. This will tend to make misguided young women believe the life of a society actress to be a bed of roses."

The New York *Sun* has some particulars about the production of comic operas: Most theater-goers think that by this time the stage manager would know himself just how the opera would go with the audience. But it is a curious fact that neither managers nor actors can tell anything about it. Things that seem to go with uproarious merriment at rehearsal have been known to fall perfectly flat with the audience. This is sufficient in itself to show that the manager does not sit on a bed of roses. "Here is the story, told in a nutshell, of one venture in comic opera," an experienced manager said, as he handed an estimate to the reporter. "It is told in figures and has never yet been printed:"

COST OF A COMIC OPERA.

| | |
|---|---|
| Canvas for scenery | $567 64 |
| Lumber | 466 66 |
| Labor | 2,693 00 |
| Hardware | 117 21 |
| Sundries | 208 30 |
| Properties | 991 41 |
| Costumes (designing $500) | 9,034 97 |
| Cost of rehearsals | 710 38 |
| Printing, copying and sundries, relating to music | 2,266 42 |
| Scenery | 2,300 00 |
| Total | $19,376 89 |

"Does it pay?" is what a theater-goer asks. The answer is found in the bank accounts of managers who have made popular successes. The *Sun* recently published the fact that experts estimated that Francis Wilson would clear this season over $75,000, which will mean a clear profit of more that $50,000 over all the heavy production. Erminie made a big fortune. Clover enriched Col. McCaull. Nadjy was a money maker, and Poor Jonathan is steadily fattening its manager's bank account.

They have been having great fun in Minneapolis over Senator McHale's bill recently introduced in the Minnesota Legislature to prohibit the wearing of tights or in any way exposing the limbs on the stage. The Wilbur Opera Company, which happened to be in Minneapolis when the matter was receiving the undivided attention of the community, saw in the local excitement an excellent opportunity for an "ad." It was therefore announced by the management that in the performance of The Chimes of Normandy "all" the women would wear bloomers. The bloomer is calculated to give an exaggerated fullness to the limbs and impart to them the shape and proportion of the legs of a Dutch piano. Of the effect of this singular raiment on the staid citizens of Minneapolis, the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* says: "It was in the second act that the blooming bloomers bloomed in all their glory. The chorus girls, twenty-four in number, danced out in line and their appearance was greeted with a shout. Each one wore the balloon shaped trowsers which made them look like so many animated tops. Their p—ts were voluptuous in their fullness but were saved from the danger of bagging at the knee by the use of spiral hoops, it was plain to see, which kept their unmentionables properly distended and lent an air which, if not exactly sylph-like, might be described as buoyant. The material was calico, such as is used for window curtains and bed quilts, and some of the patterns were startling. The girls marched around in a circle and then ran off the stage giggling. The audience would not let them go and an encore followed which compelled their reappearance. So the show went on, the gags on the McHale bill and references to bloomers always exciting applause. One effect was plain. The girls who had worn tights without a thought and always looked the pink of decorum, became suddenly conscious that they had legs and that they were being looked at. From the way they scurried about the stage it was evident that they were abashed, although they had before faced hundreds of audiences without a tremor."

## A Famous Cast of Ben Jonson's Play.

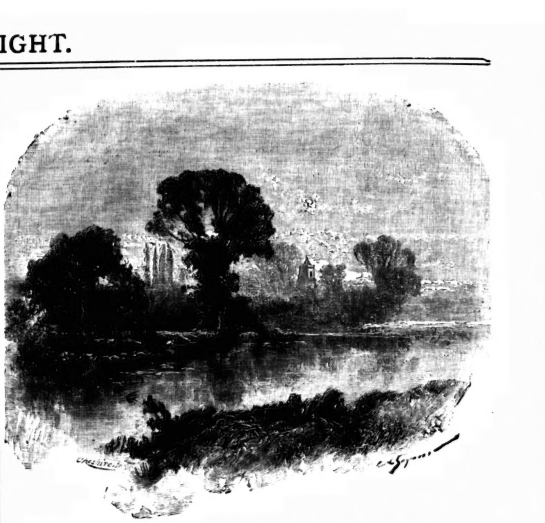
The mention of the above-named writer brings to mind a pleasing trait in Shakespeare's character and, moreover, suggests something of his rising influence in matters directly connected with the company to which he belonged, and the important position in it he had by this time acquired. Ben Jonson, hitherto (1592) almost unknown as an author, had submitted to Shakespeare's company a new comedy he had written, with a view to its production by them. According to the testimony of Rowe, the comedy, which was the famous Every Man in His Humor, was about to suffer rejection when Shakespeare interposed, having probably had a reading of the manuscript, and used his influence in its favor. Very likely Henslowe was the chief objector to the purchase of the comedy in which, like enough, he did not see the same elements of success which characterized the approved work of Shakespeare. Be that as it may, not only did Shakespeare succeed in getting the new play accepted and produced, but he undertook himself one of the leading parts in it. The original cast of Every Man in his Humor was as follows, the names of the players being spelled as given by Ben Jonson in the 1616 edition of his works:

| | |
|---|---|
| "Kno'well" | Will. Shakespeare. |
| "Brayneworm" | Aug. Phillippe. |
| "Cap. Bobadill" | Hen. Condell. |
| "Mr. Stephen" | Will. Kempe. |
| "Kitely" | Ric. Burbadge. |
| "Downe-right" | Joh. Hemings. |
| "Just. Clement" | Tho. Pope. |
| "Mr. Matthew" | Will. Slye. |
| "Dame Kitely" | Chr. Beston. |
| "Tib" | Joh. Duke. |

How the play was received on its first production—what interests us most to know at present—how the part of Kno'well was acted by Shakespeare, history sayeth not, and even tradition is silent on the subject.—*Alexander Cargill in Scribner.*

## A Good Way to Keep Flowers.

There is nothing better than a common potato to keep flowers fresh. Cut one into halves and insert the stems into holes bored in them for the purpose. Then arrange them in a low basket or shallow dish and conceal the plebeian vegetable with leaves or moss. There is moisture enough in an average sized potato to sustain a flower for two weeks. Don't keep the potato bouquet in too warm a room, however. This is also an excellent method for mailing a flower bud. After it is inserted in the potato cotton should be put about it for support, and the whole inclosed in a box with a slit for air—*N. Y. Times.*



## Nearing the Dawn.

*For Saturday Night.*

The stream of life flows fast,
We live but for a day;
The morn is barely past
Ere the golden head is gray.

The birds sang high in air,
The brook ran sparkling by
Where sat fair Nell and I,
Sweet Nell with the golden hair.
No other one was nigh
To hear the story old,
And again the tale was told
As the waters murmured by.

The birds sing in the wold,
The streamlet murmurs on,
But many years are gone
Since Nelly's hair was gold.
Soon, soon the hour will dawn
When Nell's gray head and mine
Will bathe in light divine
As the pearly gates are drawn.

Sing, birds, the days lang syne,
O stream of life flow on,
We're nearing the silver line
Which heralds the golden dawn.

HALE.

## Toronto Port's Awakening.

*For Saturday Night.*

Down in the harbor the sounds are rife
Of the coming of vessels back to life
Out of the winter's icy thrall.
At the hulls and wharves the waters lap.
Jink! Jink! Is the calking tap.
Klang! Klang! Is the rivet rap.
Chuck! Chuck! Is the joiner's chap.
Whish! Whish! Is the painter's flap.
And the shipwright scans his little map.
Juice of the linseed covers all.
After the turmoil the noise and strife
Sailors come, and the Skipper and wife;
The sheets grow taut and the ratlines ring,
And unto the lake doth the good ship spring,
With sails blown bulged upon masts well tried—
No wonder the captain swells out with pride!
As the deck-hands roll fore and aft they sing:
With joy we ship in the early spring!

Toronto, Canada. ALEXANDER COPELAND.

## I Understand.

TO C. S.

*For Saturday Night.*

Dear friend, our lives lie far apart,
The band of fate holds heart from heart
And hand from hand.
Between us words may ne'er be spoken,
To tell of faith and trust unbroken,
But dear, is there no other token
To tell thee that "I understand?"

Thine earnest eyes look into mine,
And in their depths I can divine
All love's demands.
Heart speaks to heart tho' thousands may be near,
And in thy soul, a voice, low-toned and dear,
Will bring from me to thee this message dear,
"I understand. I'll always understand."

Then rest content, my friend, do not forget
That in the distant future there is yet
A fairer land,
And when the days seem long and weary, dear,
Can not thy fancy bring my presence near
With well known voice, soft whispering in thine ear,
"I understand, dear friend. I understand."

A. A. S.

## Mine.

I met her on the Newport strand
When skies were soft and blue,
And led her by the lilly hand
The rolling sea into.
We watched the moon serenely flood
The waves with airy pearl,
And she was mine, the blushing bud—
That is—my Summer girl.

She sent her card when back in town—
My heart was full of song,
When in her Japanese tea gown
She poured the sweet Oolong.
And when October dyed the wood
And made the leaflets cool,
She then was mine, though not for good—
She was my Autumn girl.

When Winter came in orders gray
And snow began to fall,
I took her to the matinee
And to the Charity ball.
In ecstasy to music spy
About the room we'd whirl,
And she was mine—that is to say—
She was my Winter girl.

And when the Spring, all gold and green,
Hung roses on the tree,
I met her at St. Augustine—
Once more beside the sea.
We watched suggestive orange-blooms
Along the breezes swirl,
She was amid these Spring perfumes
My owness—Spring-time girl.

Oh, still she is my girl when Spring
Is rich with flower and bird,
And when the Summer's on the wing,
And Autumn's wall is heard,
And when old snarling Winter his
White banner doth unfurl,
For keeps, to tell the truth, she is
My all-the-year-round girl.

—*Puck*

## Noted People.

The granddaughter of Charles Dickens, Miss Mary Dickens, has gone on the stage. She has lately made a provincial tour in Little Lord Fauntleroy.

A little Brooklyn lady, Miss Milhau by name, has so perfected herself in the dainty art of etching that her designs are eagerly bought and copied in metal by a leading firm of silversmiths in New York.

Jeannette Miller, an Irish lady of good family and social position, a graduate of the Westminster Cooking School, goes out to private houses in London and the vicinity to prepare company breakfasts, luncheons and dinners.

Ex-Empress Eugenie has been sued in Bologna, Italy, for twenty-two thousand lire. Dr. Mattea, a lawyer, is the plaintiff and declares that the sum is due him for arranging a contract between the ex-empress and the Princess Bacciochi.

Mrs. Samuel Clemens and Mrs. Frank Stockton are both gentle-faced, middle-aged ladies who, though ambitious and admirers of the fame of their respective husbands, have never been known to perpetrate the smallest jest or quietest sally.

Bismarck will move to Berlin, we are told, having taken two large houses in the Konigratzer-Strasse. The Hamburg *Reform* announces that the emperor and Prince Bismarck will dine together shortly with Count von Waldersee at Altona.

Two women have been elected police judges in Kansas. Mrs. Jessie McCormick is to hold office at Burr Oak, and Mrs. Mary T. Burton, who was formerly an editor and is now postmaster, will serve at Jamestown. Both women are enthusiastic prohibitionists.

It is recalled of General Sherman that he did not like a broad story any more than General Grant, of whom this anecdote is related: Someone in a company where he was began by way of preface, "I believe there are no ladies present." "No," said Grant, "but there are gentlemen!"

Jennie June (Mrs. Croly), Marion Harland (Mrs. Terhune), and Mary Mapes Dodge are among the literary women of America who have in their profession earned sufficient to warrant the purchase of country homes near New York, where they alternately work and rest during the long summers.

The death of Lord Albemarle removes from us the most interesting survivor of the Battle of Waterloo. Lord Albemarle was a boy of fifteen as he sat, an ensign in the Fourteenth Foot, on a drum, while his regiment was being pelted with round-shot which every now and then plumped into a horse or a man.

Montreal's new mayor, Hon. James McShane, is fortunate in having a beautiful wife who is popular with her own sex. Her influence in the city, which admits of woman suffrage at civic elections, not only largely increased the women voters at the recent election, but also brought their ballots to her husband.

Ross Baughan, an Englishwoman, earns a handsome income by delineating character from photographs or handwriting. Through correspondence columns in various publications and by private interview, she carries on her profession besides giving lessons in graphology, now very much practised in England as a parlor science.

Miss Frances Willard found time during her duties at the late National Council of Women, in Washington, to draw up a pledge whose signers bound themselves not to wear the bodies or feathers of birds in trimming. Mrs. Ole Bull was among the women who circulated the pledge between the sessions of the council, but the bird protectors succeeded in getting altogether less than two hundred names.

One very rarely hears of Arabi Pasha, whose rebellion led to the British occupation of Egypt about nine years ago. He is alive still—a prisoner of England on the Island of Ceylon. He and his companions petitioned the other day for leave to return to their own country, on the ground that the East Indian climate was prejudicial to their health. The governor of Ceylon was instructed to have a medical examination made of the exiles, and as this did not show that Arabi and the rest were at all ill, he and they will have to stay.

A wedding that excites much peculiar interest is one that occurred in New York last week, when Miss Pomeroy became Mrs. John Stevenson. The "happy man elect" is the head waiter at the Murray Hill Hotel. Miss Pomeroy is young, pretty, of excellent family and position and, in the eyes of many, the possessor of a still more unquestionable charm—twenty thousand dollars a year income. John Stevenson, who is a quiet, well-mannered young Scotchman, has been head waiter at the hotel since it opened and Miss Pomeroy has been a guest there for the same length of time. All the other guests manifest the most vivid interest in this romantic love affair.

Prince Aloys, a nephew of the reigning Prince of Lichtenstein, the millionaire candidate of the anti-Semite-cum-Socialist-cum-Labor party for mayor of Vienna, is one of the most extraordinary figures in European politics, and possesses many traits in common with Lord Randolph Church. He inaugurated his parliamentary career some fifteen years ago by getting himself turned out of Rome, where he had given serious offense to the government by his aggressive championship of the temporal claims of the Pope. His expulsion resulted in his election to the leadership of the Clerical and Feudal parties in the Imperial legislature. About a year ago, he was forced to abdicate his chieftainship of the Feudal party by his marriage with a divorced lady of humble birth. For a time he withdrew from politics. But, three months ago he suddenly reappeared in the arena as an enthusiastic friend of socialism, of labor, and above all, of anti-Semitism. A grand seigneur, an aristocrat to the very tips of his fingers, and the possessor of immense landed estates, he distinguished himself by his bitter invective of capital and by his animosity to the Hebrew race. During the course of the recent parliamentary election, to which he devoted more than two hundred thousand dollars, he went so far on several occasions as to incite the populace to expel all the Jews from Vienna and to pillage their great banks and financial establishments.

## Woman's Art Club Spring Exhibition.

It is proverbial that when the menfolks have been unsuccessfully trying to accomplish an end for a considerable time, the ladies take hold of the idea and carry it to a successful issue. So with the catalogue of the Woman's Art Club Exhibition. For several years the artists of the city have been trying to get up a catalogue with illustrations for their annual exhibition, but have never succeeded until this year. But now, three weeks before the Ontario Society's Exhibition, is issued, the illustrated catalogue prepared by the Woman's Art Club for their exhibition, and, as it is depicted on the allegorical cover, gains for the ladies the credit of issuing the first such catalogue published in Toronto.

No. 11—Before a Storm—M. E. Dignam.

The officers of this club whose annual spring exhibition has now been open for a week and closes to-day are: Mrs. M. E. Dignam, president; Miss E Armstrong, vice-president; Mrs. W. D. Gregory, secretary; and Miss C. D. Osler, treasurer. The ordinary membership includes about a score of ladies, resident and non-resident, and many honorary members.

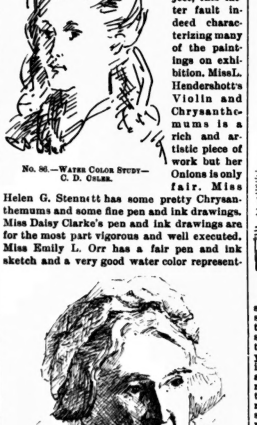
Among the exhibitors the work of Mrs. Dignam, Miss McConnell and Mrs. M. H. Reid is already familiar to Torontonians. Mrs. Dignam has several pieces in oils, the best of which is a painting in oils, the best of considerable size, entitled Youthful Days, representing two little children in a flower garden. Another figure painting, Looking for Papa, is somewhat out of drawing. The Study of a Head is also fairly good, and she has some pretty sketches of out-door scenes. Miss M. McConnell exhibits some portaits, one of which, that of an old lady, is excellent.

Her other subjects are figure studies, Lemons, Old Women and a Little Girl, and are beautiful little pictures. Mrs. M. H. Reid has three subjects, two of Roses which are up to her well-known standard and a fair one of Apples and Grapes.

No 19—Evening—M. E. Dignam.

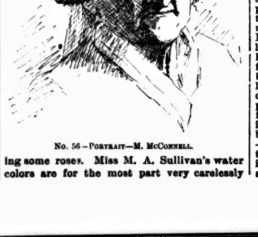
Of the names not so well known some good work in oils is that of Miss J. M. F. Adams, whose studies, though very small, are artistic and good in technique. Miss Ida Mitchell's Mexican Olla and Winter Roses is a pretty picture. Miss Caroline C. Lovell of Alabama sends a beautiful little water color sketch of a girl in old fashioned costume. Miss Fanny Sutherland has two water color drawings of Cowley Castle. Great attention is given to detail, but a good water color should "let the light through," while these pieces have too much of a dark, monotonous body color. Over the Roofs and other water colors by Miss C. D. Osler are fairly good, but her oil study, Apples, is a canvas much too large for so trivial a subject, this latter fault indeed characterizing many of the paintings on exhibition. Miss L. Hendershott's Violin and Chrysanthemums is a rich and artistic piece of work but her Onions is only fair. Miss Helen G. Stennett has some pretty Chrysanthemums and some fine pen and ink drawings. Miss Daisy Clarke's pen and ink drawings are for the most part vigorous and well executed. Miss Emily L. Orr has a fair pen and ink sketch and a very good water color representing some roses. Miss M. A. Sullivan's water colors are for the most part very carelessly treated. Nos. 57 and 58 are not bad however and her oils are fair also. Miss E. M. Scott exhibits two pretty pieces. Her Remnants of Past Days is good, as is her Goose Girl. Miss Mary Plewes' flower studies show too much use of the palette knife. Miss C. M. Boultbee's water-color representing a Quebec scene is fair. Miss M. E. Beagar's Hops are good, but somewhat too vivid in coloring. Miss Alice M. Lewis' oils are fair. Mrs. M. P. Gregory's Lighthouse on Cape Elizabeth is good. Her Old and New is somewhat too crowded. The same may be said of Miss M. Hamilton's Study of Books. Mrs. Campbell's Oranges are fair, as are Miss Phelps' pieces. Miss A. F. Street's Heads are fair and in the instance of Nos. 48 good. Miss E. W. Armstrong's Spanish girl is somewhat pasty, but her Chrysanthemums are good, though the effect is marred by the presence in the picture of a pea-cock feather. The studies by Miss Lily Fisher are very pasty, and the coloring does not display good taste. Miss Vickers Still Life is hardly compact enough. Miss L. M. Ware's modelling in clay is very fine, but her one paint ing is poor. Miss F. E. Payne's Muskoka Sunset is good. Miss Maggie Lennox exhibits a beautifully painted Five o'clock Tea set, and Miss L. McConnell some clever designs for wall-papers and oil cloths. Altogether the display is most creditable to the club and special mention should be made of the courtesy of the ladies of the Club to visitors at the exhibition. Saturday Night is specially indebted to them for the sketches which it reproduces, and which have not before been published.

Chad.



No. 86—Water Color Study—C. D. Osler.

No. 46—Study of Figure—M. A. Sullivan.



No. 56—Portrait—M. McConnell.

### Too Previous.

She—Isn't it horrible about Mrs. Tinsley?

He—Yes; what could have induced her to elope with her butler?

She—That's the saddest part of it. She called at her husband's office and was told that he had gone to the matinee with the type-writer. That caused it all. And now it turns out that his type-writer was a man.—*Chicago News.*

### The Ethics of Horse-Keeping.

There remains only one branch of the subject which I feel bound to consider, namely, the duty of the owner toward the horse that has grown old and infirm in his service. I say little about the man who employs horses in the course of his business; let him settle the matter with his own conscience, though I cannot refrain from the obvious remark that whereas it might be a poor man's duty to sell his superannuated beast for what it would bring, lest his family should suffer, so it would be the rich man's duty to dispose of his work horses in a different manner. But as regards horses bought and used for pleasure, this general rule seems to me undeniable, that the owner is morally bound to protect them from cruelty when they become old or broken down. He may do it by killing them or otherwise, as he sees fit. But how seldom is this duly performed! It is neglected, possibly, more from thoughtlessness than from intention. A span of carriage horses, we will say, after some years of service, lose their style; they become a little stiff, a little "sore forward," it may be; one of them, perhaps, is suffering from incipient spavin; and on the whole it is thought high time to dispose of them, and get a fresher, younger pair. Accordingly, John, the groom, is directed to take them to an auction stable, and in due course Dives, their old master, receives in return a cheque—a very small cheque to be sure, but still large enough to make a respectable contribution to foreign missions or to purchase a case of champagne. This is all he knows about the transaction, and he does not allow his mind to dwell upon the inevitable results. But let Dives go to the auction stable himself; let him observe the wistful, homesick air (for horses are often homesick) with which the old favorites look about them when they are backed out of the unaccustomed stalls; then let him stand by and see them whipped up and down the stable floor to show their tardy paces, and finally knocked down to some hard-faced, thin-lipped dealer. It needs very little imagination to foresee their after career. To begin with, the old companions are separated—a great grief to both, which it requires a long time to obliterate. The more active one goes into a country livery stable, where he is hacked about by people whose only interest in the beast is to take out of him the pound of flesh for which they have paid. He has no rest on week days, but his Sunday task is the hardest. On that sacred day the reprobates of the village who have arrived at the perfect age of cruelty (which I take to be about nineteen or twenty) lash the old carriage horse from one public house to another, and bring him home wearied, exhausted and reeking with sweat. His mate goes into a job wagon, perhaps, possibly into a hearse, and is driven hard, and, if he has staring ribs and the painful lameness in his hind leg should attract the notice of meddlesome persons. The last stage of many a downward equine career is found in the shafts of a fruit peddler's or junk dealer's wagon, in which situation there is continual exposure to heat and cold, to rain and snow, recompensed by the least possible amount of food. It may be that one of the old horses whose fate we are considering is finally bought by some poverty-stricken farmer; he works without grain in summer, and passes long winter nights in a cold and draughty barn, with scanty covering and but little food. It is hard that in his old age, when, like an old man, he feels the cold most and is most in need of nourishing food, he should be deprived of all the comforts—the warm stall and soft bed, the good blankets and plentiful oats—that were heaped upon him in youth.

If, as is probably the case, the old carriage horse has been docked, his suffering in warm weather will greatly be increased. That form of mutilation which we call docking is, I believe, inartistic and barbarous, and I do not doubt that before many years it will become obsolete, as is now the cropping of horses' ears, which was practiced so late as 1840. But still I should not strongly condemn the owner for docking his horses or buying them after they had been docked, if he attended to the same thing, if his intention and custom were to keep them so long as they lived. But to dock a horse, thus depriving him forever of his tail, to keep him till he is old or broken down, and then sell him for what he will bring, is the very refinement of cruelty.—*H. C. Merwin in Atlantic.*

### The Singer and His Song.

'Tis said the muse hath no true lovers now,—
That men are grown too wise to waste their days
Following afar each idle wind that strays
O'er Ilion from high Parnassus' summits;
"We have enough of song," man say, "and thou,
O poet, need'st no longer seek the haze
Of purple Dreamland, but in common ways
Must walk uncrowned, though false to oath and vow."
Poor, perchance; yet, haply, would there come
One whose strong soul burned high with steadfast flame—
A singer mindful only of his song,—
A wide-spread hush would tell of tongues struck dumb,
Of glad ears listening, till at last his name
Burst from the bosom of Earth's mighty throng.

—*Charles Henry Luders in Lippincott's*

### The Moujik.

Out of the dusk they stepped together—out of the dimness of smoking incense and swing, ing lamps of grim ikons and white-robed choristers, of chanting priests and bowed worshippers. They were the nearer to each other because they were both strangers in this land of snow and ice whose splendor and coldness had shot its mystic chill into their hearts. Together, say, they came out of the deep warm cathedral into the pallid glow of the winter's evening, into the stillness of the wintry street, into the lonely stillness of the deserted square; and those strange anthems of an immortal melancholy seemed to pursue their hurrying, belated feet. Yet her eyes were full of resilience as she swayed like a shadowy lily, tall and elegant in her rich furs, against the western light.

Under the sleeping Neva sighed the tides, and the birds calling to each other were fleeing fast. She smiled, but he was grave, and they spoke of many things together. He taught her of this curious nation, with its poverty and its riches, its ignorance and its insight, and of that superstitious rite whose hush was still upon them. "It is a sublime freak," he said.

Just then, passing from pavement to pavement, a plaint reached them, a child's plaint, loud and passionate, born on the wind-gust that brushed them with its wing. They looked up. Leaning against the railing where the white drifts had massed themselves in waves of a strange loveliness, stood a little boy. He was weeping bitterly, wringing his hands, filling earth and air with his distress. Swiftly they moved to where he stood. By his side lay a broken image, a small, white, plaster saint, such as Italian venders carry on their heads and sell in the thoroughfares of great cities. She stooped and spoke to him:

"So you have broken it, my little lad? What was it worth?" and her companion began to unbutton his military coat, fumbling in his breast for his pocket book.

"*Dvar ruble,*" sobbed the child.

He was a dirty little moujik, with a round face rougoned by the weather. His eyes gleamed large and dark under his greasy old fur cap. His miserable touloupe was caught about his strong young loins by a wisp of hemp rope.

In a moment the sum he named, with a generous surplus, was pushed into one of his lady hand. Then instantly, with a piercing cry of joy which rent the twilight mists, the little yellow fell on the snow at their feet. He lay face downward and three times his head rose and fell.

"What has happened to him?" said the lady frightened.

But in a moment she had seen. His lips were moving; he was beating his hands upon his heart and crossing himself with vehemence. When he sprang once more to his feet he was still praying—nay, giving his thanks to Heaven; there was a rapt look on his face. To his benefactor he accorded only one timid upward glance of gratitude. Then, gathering his poor garments about him, he ran away quickly and disappeared in the falling gloom.

"Ah," said the lady, "my friend, where shall we find again, you and I, the beautiful faith of this child soul?"

"If it be folly, it is a divine one," said her companion.

She remained silent, and they walked onward, saying no more words. But upon her eyelashes a tear had frozen.—*Julien Gordon in Lippincott's.*

### An Authoritative Decision.

Tommy came running to his father one day with a weight of trouble on his mind.

"Sadie says that the moon is made of green cheese, pa, and I don't believe it."

"Don't you believe it. Why not?"

"I know it isn't."

"But how do you know?"

"Is it, papa?

"Don't ask me that question; you must find out for yourself."

"How can I find it out?"

"You must study into it."

He went to the parlor, took the family Bible from the table and was missed for some time, when he came running into the study.

"I have found it out; the moon is not made of green cheese, for the moon was made before the cows were."

### Old World Terminology.

Corsica signifies a woody place.
Siberia signifies thirsty or dry.
Rona signifies a furnace, dark or smoky.
Scylla signifies the whirlpool of destruction.
Sicily signifies the land or country of grapes.
Sardinia signifies footsteps of men, which it resembles.
Rhodes signifies serpents or dragons, which are produced there in abundance.
Syracuse denotes bad flavor, so called from the unwholesome marsh on which it stood.
Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow-haired, as yellow hair characterized its inhabitants.
The English of Caledonia is a high hill. This was a rugged, mountainous province in Scotland.
Africa signifies a land of corn or ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn and all sorts of grain.
Asia signifies between, or in the middle, from the fact that geographers place it between Europe and Africa.
Italy signifies a country of pitch, from its yielding great quantities of black pitch. Calabria, also, for the same reason.
Hibernia is utmost or last habitation, for beyond this to the westward the Phœnicians never extended their voyages.

### Not La Grippe.

Two young ladies met on the street car, when one said to the other:

"Going shopping, Nellie?"

"Yeth, Kittiby, going to thop thome."

"Mercy, Nell, what a cold in your head; where did you get it?"

"It ithn't a colth. Ith streeth car fare ig my mouf. Hadn't room for it anywhere elth."

Waiting for the Parade.

First Errand Boy (continuing narrative)—So, I says to a feller, "what's all de flags an' streamers out fur?" An' he says, "dey's a big parade comin' off." Soon as he says dat I had an immense idear; I commenced to limp, and when I got to de store I was limpin' pretty bad. I limped round de store a while, an' finally de sup'rintendent called me over to de parcel counter an' says, "here's a couple o' parcels fur you to deliver dat was forgot las' night; but what makes you limp? What's de matter wit' yer?" I told him it seemed to come on kinder sudden, an' he says, "here's yer car fare; an' seein' yer lame you can take yer time." So I went out limpin' worse 'n ever, an' when I got roun' de corner I felt so good I took a runnin' jump over a fruit stand.

Second Errand Boy.—Gee! I wisht I'd a't'ought of that lame dodge, too; there's goin' to be music when I git back. I got to take this parcel up to Twenty fourth street, an' the parcel man said he was goin' to hold the watch on me.

Patriotic American (showing the sights to friend from London)—And there's another thing I want to call your attention to, where we're away ahead of you Britishers—that is, the behavior of our crowds. Now, in a London crowd you can't tell what minute you may be picked out as a mark for the coarse wit of a lot of roughs. With us—I don't say it to boast, mind—you'll never see anything of that sort; there's plenty of high spirits in our crowds, but we know where to draw the line, and—

Voice (from rear)—Hey, Danny, are you on to de wax figure over dere in front, wid de bow-knot wid de fan' one of his glasses is broke? (With sudden change of tone) W'y, I'm blowed if it ain't 'Arry Opkins!—Arry, me pippin, 'ow goes it?—Ow's everybody at 'ome? I s'y, 'Arry, join us awfter the bloomin' parade's over, cawn't yer? an' we'll 'ave a bloomin' glass together!

Mr. Caswell's *Fiancee*—Charlie, dear, speak to the great, coarse man with the beard and tell him to move a little further away—don't you see he's crowding mamma?

Mr. Caswell (reluctantly)—Excuse me, sir—would you—er—have the kindness to—er—move along a little? I fear you are incommoding the lady next you.

Stranger from the West (solemnly moving as requested)—I don't wanter crowd the wimmin folks, young man, an' I'm willin' to put up with a heap for the sake of bein' peaceable an' quiet, but I be'n in this here town two days, an' in them two days I've be'n moved on by seven different policemen, moved up by fourteen hoss-car conductors, an' moved out of a picter gallery by havin' the gas shet off, an' I've got jest about to the end o' my patience,—an' the next policeman, conductor or dude thet asks me to move along is a-goin' to do some o' the liveliest movin' himself thet he ever done in his life; I hain't lookin' fer no trouble, but I'm a man thet kin throw a two-year old steer when I git mad!

Inebriated Individual—Thash right, Whiskers, don't let 'em bluff ye!

Bystander (to Amateur Photographer)—Here, where are you squeezing to?

Amateur Photographer—Just want to get over by the police, where I can get some good snap-shots when the parade comes along.

Bystander—That policeman won't let you stand out in the street—don't you see he's moving everybody back?

Amateur Photographer—He won't hey!—You just watch me get around him, now—they all know me—I'm solid with 'em.

Policeman—Git back there wid that little box.

Amateur Photographer (confidentially)—It's all right, officer. I'm—

Policeman—Git back there, before I'll prod ye!

Amateur Photographer (still more confidentially)—Just want to stand where I can get—

Policeman (in a stentorian voice)—Ye'll shtand where ye'll git tin days av ye don't git back there!

Bystander (as Amateur Photographer squeezes back)—There's nothing like having a pull with the police, is there? I often wish I had one myself.—*Puck.*

# THE STAIN ON THE GLASS

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### WHAT HE DISCOVERED.

The bank note at any rate was a reality. Entering the station, the station agent at once sent the despatch—a description of the man pursued, and the order to have ready upon the instant of the train's arrival any information as related to such a person; after which he and the porter and the trainmen compared and compared notes of the rough-looking, quiet-faced man who was so peremptory in his demand for their knowledge.

"It's a clear case o' runaway," said one of these men, in his slow certainty, after a silence during which each looked at the other for confirmation of their suspicions. "It's either that or some crime, take my word for it, boys."

And as it so happened that the "boys" in question had no other alternative, they did, in truth, take his word for it.

When John Kling sprang from the train at the next station, his despatch was received, and he met no such hindrance as before. It was a larger station and less likely to note its visitors, but he did well to telegraph his desire, for otherwise he must have lost the train in making inquiries. Nevertheless, no such person alighted from the train ahead.

Telegraphing on the next stopping place of the forward train to learn if such passenger or passengers were aboard, and detain them at Jersey City if they were, ordering, also, an answering despatch to be at the next station for him, John Kling returned to the train and waited until he was determined, and not having time to buy tickets, paid for his fare upon the train. So far he was doing well. If he had been came back to him, at their next stop, the reply that no such person was aboard the train ahead when it reached its next station, he would be assured that those whom he was pursuing were somewhere between those two points, and he would be upon the sharper lookout for lying among the station hands. Money in abundance would not hesitate to spend money if it were necessary now, knowing that so she must save her life.

The general passenger carriage was suffocating and stupid, the detective muttered to himself, and rising, he went on into the smoker to ease his mind and the better seek out these problems with the aid of a quiet smoke.

Leaning back comfortably, puffing at his cigar, the detective's eyes were shut, that the hazy haze of the sun shone in his face, and he was not the sly one, eh!" queried the guard, with a laugh and a shrug of his shoulders. "Few words, fewer risks, your motto!"

"No motto about it," replied the detective, calmly, puffing at his cigar and offering one to his companion. "It's the only safe way to keep one's business to one's self until there is need to make it known. You should have learned that sooner, my friend—

He paused. Not a movement or change of expression betrayed him, but for the moment he was so thoroughly amazed that he found no words to express himself. It is doubtful, too, if he would have made his agitation known to his companion could he have done so. Breaking off in his remark as though it really were too much exertion to talk, and for no other reason, he smoked harder than ever, puffing the smoke, in truth, that not a glimpse of his face could be discernible through the wreaths about his head and face.

In one of the forward seats, in plain view of him as he leaned to one side, sat—the man for whom he was searching! No doubt of it. His hat was pulled over his face, and a villainous enough looking face it was in its blended stolidity and cunning; but this could not hide his identity from those watchful eyes in the rear seat.

"Shrewd—yes," he muttered between his teeth, his eyes straying from the burly figure that his companion should fathom his thoughts. "More shrewd than I gave him credit for. They deserve that encomium. She set him on an up train from Nyack, and he took this train from one of the smaller stations beyond. Well worth my following—these scheming villains!"

Ready for this emergency as he was for any, in spite of its surprise, he drew from one of his inner pockets a red wig and mustache, and under the eyes of the guard but unobserved by the other passengers, covered his identity so thoroughly with the aid of these that his own mother would never have recognized him, his companion whispered, admiringly. And when the train stopped at the station he slipped very quietly out, but with little fear of the poor, stolid alighting also of his burly friend, and ascertained that the despatch was ready for him. Taking it from the operator he returned to the smoking-car, and making sure that the man was still there, tore open the envelope to learn that—two of those persons described were upon the forward train, with tickets for New York! These two were the woman and the more quiet man Jim.

"Oh, it's all very nice, my fine fellow!" muttered the detective, with grim satisfaction. "It's all very well, but when once you attempt alighting at Jersey City you will discover that your little game is up!"

In confirmation of which threat he alighted at the very next station—Tenafly—and sent a despatch to the city dressed, and had the air of one accustomed to being obeyed. When the footman demurred at his demand to be taken to Mr. Hilton, he stated the man by the name of Rochester that he was expected and must be shown up at once. And although still unconvinced the man obeyed.

Frank Whitney, who was in the room with Roy and his wife, Mr. Stuart and Helen's mother and Miss Kitty Belaire, stepped forward upon his entrance and smiling, introduced him to those present.

"Mr. Cunningham, otherwise known as John Kling, and still known to me as Rochester's hired man, in Nanuet," he said. "It is to him we owe this happiness, Hilton. He has worked like a beaver to obtain the truth, but he gained it like a man. You must allow me to congratulate you, Cunningham."

Mr. Cunningham bowed. He was as self-possessed as though he had travelled miles along the railway; but this was another affair. Then, too, he had not finished his work, and until that was accomplished he could not yield his professional sternness.

"You know why I am here, Mr. Whitney," he said. He addressed Frank Whitney because they transacted all this business together. "We have succeeded so far well enough, but there is the other still to do."

"Yes," said Mr. Whitney, quickly. "I know, Cunningham. The only thing against it is that Mrs. Hilton has been waiting for a full half-hour to keep her engagement to drive with him. It begins to look as though he was not coming. Perhaps he has heard of this. You caught the woman and the men? They were secured at Jersey City."

"The woman and one of the men," replied the detective, particular as to facts. "One of the men, you remember, was on the train with me and I took him. But they all are pretty safe at present excepting this other one."

"Yes," said Mr. Whitney, decisively. "Well, what is to be done with this other one, Cunningham? He was to be here a half-hour ago. He could not have learned of the old man's death because we took good care it should not get into the papers until we were sure of them all. These confederates of his could not have warned him because they had no opportunity——"

"Unless they did so during the time they were free upon the road," suggested the detective, quietly, a gleam in his eyes.

"By Jove—yes," exclaimed Mr. Whitney, in more excitement than he usually indulged. "Why didn't we think of that before! They could easily have telegraphed him at any station. No one has seen him since this happened. He was not at the club last night, or anywhere, so far as I know!"

"And he was to have taken Ninette Silverham to Mrs. Courtney's conversazione," said Helen. "It was Mrs. Courtney's last entertainment for the season, as they leave for Europe next week, and it isn't like him to fail in such a matter. Nevertheless, I shall be glad if he is gone," she added stoutly. She moved to one of the windows facing the street, where Kittie Belaire was standing and her husband sat at her other side. "I am glad if he has gone, Jim! I'm sorry for poor Kittie's misery, and the thought of his disgrace are punishment enough! Let him go, if not for his own sake at least for his mother's. She is a lovely woman, Jim."

*(To be Continued.)*

**The Problem Solved.**

All Aboard.—*Puck.*

**Some New American Notes.**

San Francisco, Cal., Monday.—I arrived here at six p.m. and I write this letter at 9.30 p.m., in time to catch the outgoing steamer. I am simply astounded at what I have seen. These people are barbarians; they are not like Bangkok, I never knew that there were white people on earth who did not talk like cockneys; these people speak with a nasal twang, and not a single bar-room I saw so much as mentioned they talk correctly. After taking a drop of bitter at a pub., I was plowing up the street when I met a blooming cad who, in response to my request for the way to the hotel, told me to keep on until I struck the next corner, and then turn to my left. Such beastly slang is nauseating. All San Francisco men chew tobacco, swear, talk politics and wear huge watch chains; and all the women walk the streets until midnight. It have been securing the city for two hours, in every kind of society, and I am disgusted. Oh, this mad race for wealth! this worship of Mammon! The bell boy tells me that men are killed here every hour, and ear-chewing contests are of nightly occurrence in the best society. Heaven save the mark! I leave on the 13th. Yours,

Salt Lake City, Wednesday.—Thirty minutes in this remarkable city convinces me that the reports have not been half told. My private opinion is that the United States Government winks at polygamy; and I am not alone in my opinion. If not, why don't they blow some of the leaders from the mouths of cannons? I wonder why Englishmen come to a country where morality is at a discount!

Chicago, Saturday.—Well, I have seen Chicago, and I am astounded. It is a city of savages and mud. All the buildings are big and ugly, and the men are loud and coarse. They have no fine feelings; and when I told a leading merchant that I didn't like Chicago, he laughed, and said, "Indeed!" I felt ashamed of the human race. Spent ten minutes in the stock yards, and saw them killing pigs and cows at a disgustingly rapid rate. No one paid any attention to me. In fact, I noticed with surprise that my arrival anywhere does not excite attention. It is an illusion of the gross material nature of the people. Chicago has electric lights, tramways, telegraphs, and paved streets; but there is no society like Simla, Hyde Park, or Dalkeith. Calmly reviewing the city after a six hours' survey, I can say that I do not like it. I am sorry to put my seal of condemnation on it; but I am nothing if not truthful.

Washington, Monday.—O Shades of Cicero! Is this a republic? I have seen Congress in session, and I was horrified. Instead of sitting on benches, with their hats on, in our manly British way, each legislator had a desk of his own, and was bareheaded. I did not even have to bribe a flunkey to gain admission to the library. What can be expected from such men! No one was killed while I was there, but a man who sat beside me told me that the senator from Pennsylvania had knifed his colleague only the day before in executive session. Washington is a handsome city, but the society is simply awful. Government clerks go to receptions, and a gentleman may meet a tradesman even at the Executive Mansion. Mr. Beaulay prophesied the downfall of Better republic, you remember. There is no dignity apparent anywhere; no respect for the government, and no standing paid to strangers. When I alighted from the train—but that is another story.

New York, Tuesday.—This caps the climax. Oh, my soul! I am sorry I came. I have spent four hours to seeing this city, and making a thorough study of the social and political features, in all my life, in all my twenty-five years, I have never encountered anything like this. Such glitter and glare, such coarse boastling to and fro! The money-making greed so overpowers every other feeling that the people have no time for social pleasure, and they have actually delegated four hundred of their number to give balls, parties, teas, and so forth! I would not have believed this, if I had not been told it. I saw half an act at the leading theater—the Bowery, they call it—and the company was not as good as Irving's. All the actresses are very dirty, and the tram car drivers swear all the time at anything, however insignificant, that excites their ire. They swore at me, and the city officials and the court records are kept in that language. Men and women dress in execrably bad taste, except a few young men who get their clothes from London. The women smoke, gamble, take Turkish baths, and dye their hair; the men drink, gamble, play billiards, and argue. I never heard such carryings on in England. Altogether, sir, after nine days spent in this wretched country I am at a loss to see anything to admire. I have been from one end of the country to the other, mingled with all classes of society and talked with anybody that would listen to me, but I can not recall a single pleasant incident. We are superior to them in every way, in refinement, courtesy, veracity, and discernment. I take the steamer to-morrow morning, with a cheerful heart, bound for Old England, and leave this country to its fate.—*Kudyard Ripling in Puck.*

## Vera.

I was going to Germany! Such was the decision my parents had come to, and though I had only been back from my eighteen months' sojourn in France for a short three weeks, I felt more than resigned. I was not to go alone, for an old university friend of my father's was sending his only daughter with me, and on this Monday afternoon, two days previous to our departure, I stood waiting for her in our little country station. I rather dreaded the ordeal for I was of a shy nature that made it a penance for me to meet the stranger alone, but my father was busy shooting and the Sunday had brought the old gentleman, Herr Ritz, and my mother was obliged to entertain the female portion of our rather large party. For some unaccountable reason I felt prejudiced against Vera Jennett, and my lively imagination conjured up a goody-goody school girl, with gauche manners and plain to a degree. Judge of my surprise and relief when the only passenger to alight from the train proved to be a stylish, active girl who, on hearing steps behind her, turned a more than pretty face in my direction.

"Miss Kennedy?"

"Miss Farncombe?"

The ordeal was over and I felt at once drawn towards the laughing, saucy face.

"Have you Lot got everything?" I asked, as I noticed her looking about nervously.

"I can't see my dog," she answered, "oh! there he is!" as a porter led up a magnificent stag hound, causing my astonishment she continued anxiously:

"Did you not expect him? I am so sorry. I thought mother would have told you I had received permission for me to have him with me. He is very good and won't give any trouble."

I hastened to assure her we were all dog worshippers, and the footman telling us the luggage had gone on in the cart, we were soon driving swiftly through our lovely country lanes to my dear old home.

That night as I watched the graceful ease with which Vera moved among us, all strangers to her, I could hardly believe she was only seventeen, a year younger than myself. As I have said before, she was more than pretty, and the thought that she was a stranger to seeing her was the contrast between the masses of fair, curling hair with a golden light in it, and the straight black brows and curling lashes that shadowed a pair of glorious gray eyes. Her mouth was perhaps rather large but atoned by its sweet smile, while her nose, neither Roman nor Greek—but just a trifle *retrousse*, gave a piquancy to her face, which was always changing and proved an index to the various thoughts that flitted through her ever active brain. I myself was not bad-looking, having inherited the Farncombe regular features and my mother's blue eyes, but I felt quite eclipsed by our new guest who took our hearts by storm. We became fast friends from the very first, and to Vera's delight Jock, her hound, evinced a strong affection for me. True, faithful old Jock! I never saw any dog so human in its affection for its owner, and if separated from her would mope on unknown continually as though suffering actual pain.

But Wednesday came at last and the two o'clock express whirled me away once more from my home. At the Victoria Station we met our escort, a friend of Fraulein Von Herzeit's, and most kind. But her face when I saw it was not for me to see. I thoroughly enjoyed our long journey by the Queenborough, Flushing and Dusseldorf route, but my poor little Vera suffered terribly from sleeplessness. The poor child was very delicate and probably I was the only one who knew what intense pain lay hidden under the light laugh and careless manner. We arrived at the quaint old German town in the soft gray dawn of an August morning, and if I close my eyes I can see once again the quaint streets, the queer old houses and hear Vera's soft laugh as we passed through the still sleeping streets.

Before I go any further I suppose I ought to say something about my relationships. Vera was Colonel Kennedy's only daughter. Delicate from a child, she had been the pet and idol of all, and her temper, a gay young dragoon, has often told me that the memory of his sister's love kept him out of many a mad scrape. Her parents simply idolized her. She had only to express a wish to have it complied with, and it was only her own sweet unselfish nature that prevented her being utterly spoilt.

For myself, I was the eldest of four—three girls and a boy. I do not mean to speak much of myself, for this is the story of my friend's life, not mine. My father, from his fathers for many generations, was a country squire, and every corner of the old Hall was dear to me, and as a child I used to spend hours in the long picture gallery dreaming over the stories of the brave men and fair women whose pictured faces seemed to smile down at me in the dusky twilight. I was very delicate in the remembrance of my great aunt, who had been a noted beauty in her day. Be that as it may, I only recall her as being one of the first attracting the heart of the man I think the noblest in the world.

And now to my story. Vera and I found, to our mutual satisfaction, we were to share the same room—a large, sunshiny one with two big windows looking down into the garden and commanding a full view of the Burgenstrasse, with a peep of the old ramparts, now turned into the favorite promenade and shaded by the great lindens, a broad road lay over Germany, and beneath whose shade have sauntered many of her greatest soldiers and statesmen in the gay days of their student life. There were eleven other girls in the remote house, but as they have nothing to do with my story I will not waste time in describing their faults and virtues.

Vera and I were to have more freedom than the others, and as riding had been medically prescribed for me it had been arranged that Vera should ride with me to render it less conspicuous, for, being a university town, no ladies except "verrucke Englanderinen," were thoughtful of taking horse exercise, and I shall not forget in a hurry the sensation we caused the first time we rode through the town.

The summer days flew on, and at last came that soft September day on which the mischief began. I have not forgotten it, though nothing too good for her, and on her complaining of the wretched mounts we had to put up with, Colonel Kennedy at once despatched a groom with her own horses and a brother that he kindly placed at my disposal. On this September day we had agreed to ride through the Rheinbaum woods to the Rheinbaum castle, one of the oldest remaining castles in the country. Vera's mare had been particularly fresh and troublesome all the afternoon, and on our suddenly coming across a dangerous piece of ground which had been manœuvring in the woods, she fairly bolted. On an ordinary road it should be a mere lark for Vera was a splendid rider, but we were on a mere bridle path, thickly interspersed with holes and roots of trees. The officer in command sprang forward, and snatching at the mare's bridle forced her back by mere physical strength. Whenever I pass through the pine forests the scent of the wood brings it all back again—the struggling horse, the stalwart figure of the officer, his face full of anxiety and concern, Vera's look of thankfulness as she turned towards him with a struggling sunbeam gilding her glorious hair like the aureole of some saint, for her hat had fallen off and Tom, our groom, was busy looking for it. I am sure I thanked our rescuer who gave us his name, German fashion, Baron Von Steinschloss, and asked leave to call next day and inquire after us. With one exception, I think he was the handsomest man I have ever seen; tall and broad, his pale blue uniform making him seem bigger even than he really was, he looked a king among men. His keen hazel eyes seemed to take in every detail, while their power of expression was wonderful, one minute stern and flashing, another soft and gentle as any woman's. After a few more speeches on each side, a bright smile from Vera, a parting salute and look of intense admiration from Baron V. Steinschloss, we parted. But we did not continue our ride. The sun had gone in, the wind moaned mutely through the great of the dead, and the afternoon that began with bright sunshine and singing of birds ended in a severe storm. Ah, me! was it an omen, a type of the days to come.

The autumn passed into winter, and with it came a secret which I see now I was wrong to keep. Baron Von Steinschloss called next day, but it did not end here. He met Vera constantly in society, and when the frost came and covered the meadows by the Marsch Muhle with a sheet of ice, he met her every day. He loved her, I could see that, and what chance had my poor Vera against this handsome, fascinating man? One night as I sat in front of our "Ofen," gazing into its glowing depths and meditating over the events of the day, two soft hands were placed over my eyes and a gay voice offered me "A penny for my thoughts." Then Vera came and took up her favorite position on a low stool, with her head on my knee, and presently I found out the reason of the strange look of happiness on her face. We had been to a skating party given by the officers, as usual going two and two, and Baron Von Steinschloss won the lead. Then glides the strange pair, two cold and in their lovely winter dress, with echo sending back the sweet jingle of the sleigh bells, he told her of his love and won my shy, sweet Bird, as I called her.

"Oh! Bird, what have you done? What will your father say?"

"Ah! but Flo, he is not to know just yet, Otto," with a shy, sweet smile, "cannot get leave to go to England till the spring."

"But why not write?" I urged.

"No, no," she answered quickly, "one of us must be there—things look so different written. See, Flo, he is poor, too, and father might think he wanted only my money, for he is so funny sometimes, and if he once takes an idea into his head nothing in this world will change it. And I love him so, I could never forgive an insult, even for my sake. And I love him all the more for it."

"But, Vera, tell your mother and let her judge."

"No; for I would never ask her to keep a secret from her husband. Oh, Flo, surely you,


NASAL BALM

It is a certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING

*Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.*

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, partial deafness, losing sense of smell, foul breathing and spitting, nausea, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, your have Catarrh, and should lose no time in procuring a bottle of Nasal Balm. It quickly relieves the worst cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and insanity. Nasal Balm is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and $1.00) by addressing

FULFORD & CO.,
Brockville, Ont.

NEVER FAILS CURES COLD IN HEAD

CATARRH

THE CANADA
Sugar Refining Co.
Montreal. (Limited)

Redpath

THE CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO. LIMITED
GOLDEN SYRUP
7 LBS NETT

We are now putting up, expressly for family use, the finest quality of

PURE SUGAR SYRUP

not adulterated with Corn Syrup, in 2 lb. cans with moveable top. For Sale by all Grocers.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

of all people, do not want to make me miserable! They are coming here for Easter. Let us wait till then—they will learn to know him then, and he will not seem such a perfect stranger as if he were to go now."

So her sweet pleading won me over, perhaps all the easier as I too had reason to love the memory of that day. A new look came into the fair face, giving it a depth and womanliness I had never seen before. But she seemed to notice that she was growing thin, and her beautiful eyes began to shine too brightly, and how very, very easily we tired! But once or twice when I asked her if she felt strong and well, she looked at me in astonishment, and flinging her arms round my neck, laughed and said: "You dear, worried, old goose, of course I am. I am too happy to be ill."

So the days passed away. The snow began to melt in the warm spring sunshine, while the birds' songs filled the air with the joyful tidings that winter was over and past.

Whose hand dealt the bitter blow we never learned. Someone must have known and noted the Baron von Steinschloss's devotion for one May morning Fraulein von Herzfeld received an anonymous letter and all was discovered. In spite of Vera's prayers and entreaties, Fraulein wrote at once to Colonel Kennedy and told him all. My poor, poor bird! She came to me with a white, set face and wildly scared blue eyes. "Oh, Flo! Flo! help me to be brave! What shall I do! If father says no, it will kill me."

And she flashed through my mind a sentence from one of Mr. Kennedy's letters to me, "You cannot know what a relief it is to me to hear what a kind friend you are to our darling. I have dreaded unspeakably having to send her away from me, for she is so delicate, so acutely sensitive that any fretting or grief might prove most serious." And my heart bled with a strange dread as I caught the little sobbing figure in my arms and tried to comfort her.

It came at last. Colonel Kennedy telegraphed to Fraulein von Herzfeld to say he was *en route* and would be at the Krone Hotel early on the following Wednesday, and Vera must be ready to return with him at once. I wrote to Baron von Steinschloss to let him know and waited anxiously for the colonel's arrival. He came about eleven, a stern, soldierly man, whose iron will was written on his face. He was a long time with Fraulein, and Vera, with a crimson spot on each cheek, walked restlessly up and down our room in silent misery. At last she was summoned. I did not learn till long after the details of that meeting, how in spite of tears and entreaties, Colonel Kennedy refused everything—even a last farewell. What his reason was, if he had any, no one knew, but he seemed to hate Baron von Steinschloss as only men of his temperament can hate the thing or person who thwarts their will. Vera was carried up to me nearly fainting and I saw at once she had failed. God grant I may never witness such intense agony. At last I could bear it no longer and after our "Abendessen" I drove to the Krone Hotel to find that Colonel Kennedy had dismissed Baron von Steinschloss early in the morning. I don't know what I said but at last the strong man fairly quailed before me and I bore back a mitigation of the first sentence. They were to have one more interview at which I was to be present, for three years they were to hold no communication, either direct or indirect, and if at the end of that time they were both still of the same mind Colonel Kennedy would reconsider the matter. I wrote a hurried note to the baron by one of the hotel commissionaries and was answered in person by Graftraumfels, a lieutenant in the same regiment, Otto's greatest friend and my *brave*.

"Von Steinschloss got four days' leave, gone off, no one knows where, and his orderly brought your note to me."

"What can we do? I never thought of that."

"Poor fellow, he was nearly crazy when he came to me. The Herr Colonel Kennedy had insulted him in every way possible, called him no honorable man, a German fortune-hunter, a despicable coward and Himself knows what else. I was in a fearful state, wherever I think of. Take heart, Liebchen, he may come back in time."

But he never did, and when I told Bird she gave one sigh as if her heart were broken at last. "It is all over now—he will never come back. Do you remember the day I fainted," she continued, with a sad smile, "when I told you he could never forgive an insult, my poor proud Otto!" She was too ill to do her packing, and with tearful eyes I folded her pretty frocks, for she had to leave the next morning. The poor child was worn out with grief and sorrow, and as I looked from the open window from which she had so often waved a "gruss" to him, as he passed with his company at morning drill. The twilight faded into night and stars came out in the clear, calm sky, through the waving lindens sighed the soft spring breeze sweet with the scent of the violets and the silence was broken only by the whirr of the great "Maikafer," and the distant music of the Burhenne Gardens.

The morning rose clear and bright, and we wandered silently round the dear old garden for the last time. Just as we reached the gate the regiment passed on morning parade. Vera turned deadly pale and many sympathetic glances fell on the sad face from the officers, while their white gloves were raised in farewell salutes as they passed past to her favorite air, The Kuss Valse, and all was over. No tears came to her relief, but a stony calm made her features almost statuesque. One last, long embrace, one wave of a hand and the train bore her from my gaze. I returned home alone, with a strange, cold feeling coming evil, hating the bright sunshine and the birds' glad songs, my whole being filled with the one thought, "Shall I ever see again my little heart-broken friend?" For there was a strange look in the big eyes that haunted me for days.

I had a very kind letter from Mrs. Kennedy. "Thank you," she wrote, "for all the care and tenderness you have shown my poor Vera. I cannot blame you, for you acted for the best. She is too ill to write, all the life seems crushed out of her. Baron Von Steinschloss wrote a letter of farewell to her, but much as he loves her he can never forgive the insults heaped upon him. I can scarcely blame him, for my husband was cruel in the extreme, and most of all to his poor child who was parted from him as the destroyer of her happiness. God help us, for I cannot see how it will end. As soon as Vera is a little stronger we mean to take her up to town for the season to see if the galeties cannot keep her from brooding over the past."

Later on I had constant letters from Vera, full of her London existence but with no hint of her own inner life, only here and there the writing would be blurred as if tears had fallen when sent loving messages to the old friends of the happy past.

So the time flew on and the month of September found me in my own home, where I was spending the last six months of my girlhood's life, for in the Michaelmas term Graftraumfels was to take me back to the Fatherland. I had grown very uneasy about Vera, for I had not heard from her for several weeks, and one morning when I saw a letter on my plate in Mrs. Kennedy's writing, I felt strangely disinclined to open it. It was only a short note.

"Vera has been very ill, fading away it seems to me, and the doctors have ordered her away to warmer climates for the winter. Will you come with us! I feel Vera ought to have a younger companion than her mother, and she may talk of the past more freely with you. Care not look forward, the child seems to have no wish to live and her father's remorse is terrible. I tried to find out from some friends in Germany about Baron Von Steinschloss, but he has left his old regiment."

I could have told her that, and also that he had broken off every connection with friends that he had known in the old days, as if striving to bury the past forever. Heinrich had in his last letter told me of a rumor that he was on the point of becoming engaged to a daughter of a wealthy Berlin banker, whose only recommendations were *les beaux yeux de sa cassquette*.

"But," he added, "don't say anything to the Kennedy's, for it probably is only a rumor."

So I journeyed to Vera's lovely northern home, and was grieved at the change in her brightly, and how very, very easily we tired! But once or twice when I asked her if she felt strong and well, she looked at me in astonishment, and flinging her arms round my neck, laughed and said: "You dear, worried, old goose, of course I am. I am too happy to be ill."

So the days passed away. The snow began to melt in the warm spring sunshine, while the birds' songs filled the air with the joyful tidings that winter was over and past.

Whose hand dealt the bitter blow we never learned. Someone must have known and noted the Baron von Steinschloss's devotion for one May morning Fraulein von Herzfeld received an anonymous letter and all was discovered. In spite of Vera's prayers and entreaties, Fraulein wrote at once to Colonel Kennedy and told him all. My poor, poor bird! She came to me with a white, set face and wildly scared blue eyes. "Oh, Flo! Flo! help me to be brave! What shall I do! If father says no, it will kill me."

And she flashed through my mind a sentence from one of Mr. Kennedy's letters to me, "You cannot know what a relief it is to me to hear what a kind friend you are to our darling. I have dreaded unspeakably having to send her away from me, for she is so delicate, so acutely sensitive that any fretting or grief might prove most serious." And my heart bled with a strange dread as I caught the little sobbing figure in my arms and tried to comfort her.

It came at last. Colonel Kennedy telegraphed to Fraulein von Herzfeld to say he was *en route* and would be at the Krone Hotel early on the following Wednesday, and Vera must be ready to return with him at once. I wrote to Baron von Steinschloss to let him know and waited anxiously for the colonel's arrival. He came about eleven, a stern, soldierly man, whose iron will was written on his face. He was a long time with Fraulein, and Vera, with a crimson spot on each cheek, walked restlessly up and down our room in silent misery. At last she was summoned. I did not learn till long after the details of that meeting, how in spite of tears and entreaties, Colonel Kennedy refused everything—even a last farewell. What his reason was, if he had any, no one knew, but he seemed to hate Baron von Steinschloss as only men of his temperament can hate the thing or person who thwarts their will. Vera was carried up to me nearly fainting and I saw at once she had failed. God grant I may never witness such intense agony. At last I could bear it no longer and after our "Abendessen" I drove to the Krone Hotel to find that Colonel Kennedy had dismissed Baron von Steinschloss early in the morning. I don't know what I said but at last the strong man fairly quailed before me and I bore back a mitigation of the first sentence. They were to have one more interview at which I was to be present, for three years they were to hold no communication, either direct or indirect, and if at the end of that time they were both still of the same mind Colonel Kennedy would reconsider the matter. I wrote a hurried note to the baron by one of the hotel commissionaries and was answered in person by Graftraumfels, a lieutenant in the same regiment, Otto's greatest friend and my *brave*.

"Von Steinschloss got four days' leave, gone off, no one knows where, and his orderly brought your note to me."

"What can we do? I never thought of that."

"Poor fellow, he was nearly crazy when he came to me. The Herr Colonel Kennedy had insulted him in every way possible, called him no honorable man, a German fortune-hunter, a despicable coward and Himself knows what else. I was in a fearful state, wherever I think of. Take heart, Liebchen, he may come back in time."

But he never did, and when I told Bird she gave one sigh as if her heart were broken at last. "It is all over now—he will never come back. Do you remember the day I fainted," she continued, with a sad smile, "when I told you he could never forgive an insult, my poor proud Otto!" She was too ill to do her packing, and with tearful eyes I folded her pretty frocks, for she had to leave the next morning. The poor child was worn out with grief and sorrow, and as I looked from the open window from which she had so often waved a "gruss" to him, as he passed with his company at morning drill. The twilight faded into night and stars came out in the clear, calm sky, through the waving lindens sighed the soft spring breeze sweet with the scent of the violets and the silence was broken only by the whirr of the great "Maikafer," and the distant music of the Burhenne Gardens.

The morning rose clear and bright, and we wandered silently round the dear old garden for the last time. Just as we reached the gate the regiment passed on morning parade. Vera turned deadly pale and many sympathetic glances fell on the sad face from the officers, while their white gloves were raised in farewell salutes as they passed past to her favorite air, The Kuss Valse, and all was over. No tears came to her relief, but a stony calm made her features almost statuesque. One last, long embrace, one wave of a hand and the train bore her from my gaze. I returned home alone, with a strange, cold feeling coming evil, hating the bright sunshine and the birds' glad songs, my whole being filled with the one thought, "Shall I ever see again my little heart-broken friend?" For there was a strange look in the big eyes that haunted me for days.

I had a very kind letter from Mrs. Kennedy. "Thank you," she wrote, "for all the care and tenderness you have shown my poor Vera. I cannot blame you, for you acted for the best. She is too ill to write, all the life seems crushed out of her. Baron Von Steinschloss wrote a letter of farewell to her, but much as he loves her he can never forgive the insults heaped upon him. I can scarcely blame him, for my husband was cruel in the extreme, and most of all to his poor child who was parted from him as the destroyer of her happiness. God help us, for I cannot see how it will end. As soon as Vera is a little stronger we mean to take her up to town for the season to see if the galeties cannot keep her from brooding over the past."

Later on I had constant letters from Vera, full of her London existence but with no hint of her own inner life, only here and there the writing would be blurred as if tears had fallen when sent loving messages to the old friends of the happy past.

So the time flew on and the month of September found me in my own home, where I was spending the last six months of my girlhood's life, for in the Michaelmas term Graftraumfels was to take me back to the Fatherland. I had grown very uneasy about Vera, for I had not heard from her for several weeks, and one morning when I saw a letter on my plate in Mrs. Kennedy's writing, I felt strangely disinclined to open it. It was only a short note.

"Vera has been very ill, fading away it seems to me, and the doctors have ordered her away to warmer climates for the winter. Will you come with us! I feel Vera ought to have a younger companion than her mother, and she may talk of the past more freely with you. Care not look forward, the child seems to have no wish to live and her father's remorse is terrible. I tried to find out from some friends in Germany about Baron Von Steinschloss, but he has left his old regiment."

I could have told her that, and also that he

---

He came on a lovely spring evening whose brightness seemed to mock our misery, for the end was very near now. Vera had begged to be left, so I stayed in the room out of earshot. I shall never forget the look on the strong man's face as he saw the hand-writing of death on that young, sweet face turned towards him with the shadow of the old, bright smile. He came afterwards that his engagement was entirely a matter of convenience, for he had never ceased to love his little English flower, but only a rich speedy marriage could save his name from disgrace.

He was with her to the last. It was a lovely calm Sunday evening and the church bells were ringing for service. The sunlight poured his crimson rays upon the lovely face and lit up the room in dying splendor. She was in Otto's arms, her head resting on his bosom. The chime of the bells floated in through the open window. "Otto, the sleigh bells! Father, forgive—"

The broken hearted man kissed the hand he held with a groan. Otto had called up his iron will and appeared quite calm, speaking loving words to her every now and then, but I could see by his face how terrible was the strain. Suddenly she raised herself in his arms and her eyes gazed as in all in turn, but rested last on the face she had loved so well. "Good-bye," she whispered. "Otto, one kiss, hold me, my love till all is past. Auf Wiederseheu, Beliebter, in Gottes Himmel."

A little fluttering sigh, her head fell on Otto's breast, and the sweet spirit had returned to God, almost unstained by its eighteen short years of earthly pilgrimage.

. . .

I see Otto every day, for Graf Traumfels and I were married in the summer of that sad year and Otto almost lives with us. He did never married. A week after Vera's death he inherited a large fortune, which even after he had paid his debts left him a rich man. It is much run after in society, but all the love he can spare from the dead past is given to his profession and his no distant date his name will rank high in the list of Germany's great soldiers. Jock is well known in Unter den Linden, for instinct leads him to attach himself to the one his dear mistress had loved so well. But the secret of his attachment is too sacred for the world's hard gaze and remains known to only a chosen few.

. . .

In the English churchyard at Nice, in a spot where the last rays of the setting sun bathe the pure white marble cross in a crimson glow, is the grave of a young English girl. The girls of Nice know it well and love to gather round in the summer evenings and tell each other how they cannot wonder that a gentle foreigner and her great dog on the Parade, and of the handsome heart-broken lover who comes over every year to visit the grave of his betrothed and to pray for the repose of her soul.

It is the fifth anniversary of the English girl's death, and the sun shines on the fair stately head of a handsome man who is kneeling in prayer and sorrow by the flower-covered grave. He lays a wreath of white violets on the green mound and calling for a large dog that had been lying patiently at his side, passes away with bent head into the fast gathering twilight. But the last ray of light hovers over the golden inscription:

In Loving Memory of our only Daughter
VERONICA
Aged Eighteen. February 8, 188—
"SHE LOVED MUCH."
OUTRE MER.

### A Bootless Excursion.

Twenty-five bohemes passengers lately entered Chicago, after a return trip from St. Paul. They all belonged in the sleeping car which left the latter city. Another sleeping car is usually added at La Crosse, and dropped off at Milwaukee. It is the custom with the porters of the two cars to take the shoes to be cleaned from the forward car to the rear one, where they pleasantly chat while putting on the necessary polish. On the particular night referred to both the porters had been regaled rather freely with travelling flasks. They fell asleep over the shoes, and when the car was dropped off at Milwaukee two porters and all shoes belonging to the people in the forward car were dropped off too.

### Testing the Clerks.

I was in a book store in Nassau street a few weeks ago, talking about a new etching of Lowell, when a tall, gaunt youth rushed in, cap in hand, and so out of breath that he stuttered.

"Mr. M—, Mr. Piiny wants this book immediately, so I'll take it along with him when he goes on the 4:30 train"; and the youth handed the dealer a slip of paper on which was written, "The Life of Adam's Father; bound in half calf."

"We haven't it in stock now, but you can get it at Scribner's," said Mr. M—, in the same tiresomely slyly ar me, and adding, as the youth sped out into the street:

"That is the way —— & Sons, the bankers, test the brilliancy of their new clerks. The Life of Adam's Father has been in existence as a joke these fifteen years, and one clerk sought for it for four hours one day before he found—not the book, but that he was a dull fool."—*The Critic.*

### Why the Bookkeeper Stoo'e.

He had a wife.
His salary was $2,500 per annum.
But she complained.
She wanted a better house.
Better clothes.
Nothing fit to go out in.
No country cottage.
Nor carriage.
Nor front pews.
Nor society.
She coveted a place on the ragged edge of the select five hundred.
She kept it up.
Night and day.
And moaned and
Growled and
Wept.
He lacked style, also.
As well as new clothes every six weeks and various other things.
He knew that his employer made several hundred dally on the street.
A thousand or so would not be missed for a few hours.
So he took it, and went up the street, and won.
She got her seal-skin.
He took more and lost.
More to get that back and lost.
More yet.
Defalcation discovered.
He wears the penitentiary check.
Others are going too.
Serve him.
Batter is a modest room up two pairs of back stairs than a cell in Gilbert's jail.
And a plain woolen jacket rather than a pair of prison uniform pants on poor Charlie's legs.

### Changed His Mind.

Senior partner—Look here, Mr. Sheeply, the first of January you came to me and said you were thinking seriously of getting married, and on the strength of that I gave you a raise in your salary. What's the matter! Aren't you going to get married?

Sheeply—No, sir. I thought so seriously of it that I concluded I wouldn't.

### "Let's Talk About the Weather."

Blaine—Please explain why you killed those eleven Italians.
Nichols—Nice day, isn't it?

## To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—Correspondence Columns SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

BERTHA.—Yes, answer to Whip.

WHIP.—Q notations are not studied.

EASTER LILY.—Bathe them with salt and water and don't read much at night.

CHARADE.—J. F. Ocean Military Tailor, King St., will give you the information you enquire for.

VIRGIL.—Quotations not studied, send an original letter. The two verses are rather too short for a study.

APPLE SAUCE, PLUM PUDDING AND LITTLE BROWN JUG.—Studies are too immature. Your characters aren't sufficiently formed, dear little girls.

OUTRE MER.—It has been handed to our printer and will appear soon, probably is already in type. I took the liberty of editing it a very little, mostly cutting out repetitions.

VENUS.—"Naomi" means beautiful, agreeable. Writing shows good nature, some generosity, truth and a little obstinacy, also thoughtfulness, but lack of intuition, not a very persistent or determined character.

FAITH.—For delineation see Inez. This study is in many ways similar to that of Inez and Venus. A very strong tie seems to bind the three. Can they be three sisters? Of the three, Inez shows the greatest individuality.

ANONYMOUS.—Want of perseverance, some talent, originality, not much love of order, nor great taste of for art, a peculiar temper, liable to be erratic and surprising. Your study is very short. How can I tell you much from so short a study.

BLANDINA.—Writing shows great hopefulness and animation, some intuition, strong love of sweet sounds and sights, and amiability, suffi ient perseverance, some order and love of approbation. I should say one of those characters whose disposition is a study, also.

SPUR.—Writing shows independence, candor, not much tact, but a genial kind manner and an affectionate nature. You are inclined to judgment and prompt in action. I have considerable energy and some sensitiveness. Write to the *Nineteenth Century* book concern, Buffalo, for prices, etc.

INEZ.—Crystals in a mighty vase the name of the goddess Diana, given from her birth place Mount Cynthus. Writing shows sincerity, almost bluntness, strength of will and mental vigor, a strong brood and generous, but hasty temper, want of imagination, the capitals are devoid of grace or beauty.

SIDNEY HOWARD.—Writing shows great perception of beauty, generosity, ideality, and a fine appreciation of the good things of life, suffi ient perseverance, truthfulness, love of social intercourse. I think you would be an entertaining companion. You have also truth and constancy to recommend you.

SAUCY SUFFRICE.—Writing denotes amiability, generosity, conscientiousness, probably some proficiency in the arts or music, certainly a love of the beautiful, some taste for intuition, precision; a curious trait is your constant slighting of the individuality of the letter r, otherwise your writing is most pleasing.

TROUBLESOME.—I don't think I shall ever get space enough in these columns to delineate photos. Have been trying, but other inquiries crowd in too fast. Your writing shows amiability, conscientiousness, not suffi ient perception, generosity, some thoughtfulness, misdirected effort. Be care ful not to be imposed upon.

DAISY FARRANT.—Photos are not delineated. See answer to Troublesome. Writing shows great talent, originality, rather an impulsive and undisciplined mind. You could dig and delve with equal energy and ingenuity. Yes, I like your name. Should be more liable to put you up than down if you admire Edna Lyall. Her Knight Errant is one of my pet books.

SEVERN.—Writing shows energy, ability, hasty judgment, suffi ient perseverance, great tenacity of purpose. You are fond for a guess at your art. From the lack of conventionality feminine attributes, I conclude you are a man. I do not think you have any very great amount of emotion and you are a little careless about small matters.

W. T. S.—Writing shows some culture, great love of ease and pleasure, rather a happy disposition, high ideality, constancy, a tendency to social enjoyment, honor, perseverance, truth, a very pleasing study. I think you are generous, hope you are also prudent, but have my doubts However, with your good points, you wont go far wrong.

JOYCE.—Writing shows conscientiousness, a little nervousness and self-consciousness, decision, not much intuition, some ideality, constancy and loyalty. The capitals, while very characteristic, are not attractive. They show a curious distrust of self and some reserve. There is much undeveloped which might bring forth famous fruit in your future, Joyce.

LAWSTUDENT, Millbrook.—Your answer was given, but probably you missed it. There is no authorized color, and all the information I can get is that blue was worn some athletic competition, and blue is the color of the crest of his society. You will be therefore safe in taking blue as the color most likely to be correct. Answers to correspondents only appear in this column.

ROB.—Writing shows conscientiousness, stability, decision, deliberation, caution, carefulness in small matters, little obstinacy and too much prejudice, affection and generosity. It is a most interesting study and demands more time and space than I can give. The study enclosed, marked Dora, is too small for delineation. It promises to be interesting, can't you send more than a direction on an envelope?

YORKIE.—Rozie does not mean anything that I can discover. I don't know how it came to be a name. It is probably a diminutive of Rosanna, for a girl, and Roxborough for a boy, and is popular among the colored population. Writing shows capture, excitability, optimism, some determination, you may be conceited, but there is nothing of the loftiness of pride in your erratic handwriting.

ACCURACY.—For a man with the physique and love of exercise, the South West is very attractive. Judging from your letter you are young enough to look about you for some time yet. Your writing shows amiability, some intuition, not much determination, perseverance, attention to details, some impulse. If I were you I think I should wait a little and try my place before giving up even a second-class salary.

CURIO.—My young friend didn't you make a little mistake. Didn't you mean chirography instead of chronography. Your writing denotes strength, originality, great tenacity, quite a supply of temper, hasty and hot, lack of deliberation, want of culture, but not any lack of aptitude, perhaps you have some breadth of view and generosity, but I cannot give it to you without doubts. You are rather a puzzling mixture in that respect.

MAGI.—Iris was the love of the Gods—a messenger of Juno—and was turned into a rainbow. Her particular occupation, I am told, was to cut the thread which detained the soul in the dying body. Writing shows tenacity of purpose, want of ideality and intuition, strong impulse, lack of culture and artistic appreciation, a carelessness about conventionalities and appearances, though probably an honesty and reliability and loyalty that would make you a good friend.

BUNCH OF SWEET VIOLETS.—Palmistry is very respectable and ancient, but I never believed in it suffi iently to subscribe to it. Your handwriting shows great energy, rather slight intuition, but much ideality, a large, expansive nature likely to make constant friends, would not be liable ever to develop a vacillation, great capacity for love and also for suffering—don't you enjoy looking after sick or poor people? Your handwriting is very emotional, as it is on foreign paper and the lines are so close together.

ELSIE.—Writing shows inconsistency, some intuition, a good deal of self-esteem, a tendency to restlessness, some liveness, some talent, self-consciousness, a good many faults, Elsie, which perhaps no one knows of. You have a pleasant manner, probably an easy flow of conversation, and are so doubt popular, but you aren't so ideal woman and I am sorry because, you would have rounded in hand, you might be. You have talent and character enough undeveloped to make yourself as sweet as you seem to be.

AMARAN.—No letter containing enclosures from you has ever found its way into my letter drawer. Even had you sent quotations, (which I do not study) I should have acknowledged them in the column. Your writing denotes great firmness, appreciation of the beautiful, hopefulness, some ideality, constancy, and loyalty, but society and you are probably popular with the opposite sex. You are rather careful and conscientious. Your writing is extremely good. Am very sorry your letter miscarried and that you had to write again.

JUDAS.—I. Don't know—will hunt it up for you. 2. Certainly. It is a study. There are books for students, just as in other subjects. 3. No, for that would only embarrass me. 4. *Fas et fas!* I couldn't live under such a responsibility. 5 Reserve and perception, originality and impulse, lack of artistic taste, want of sympathy and tact, great power of reasoning, a practical mind, but rather apt to insist on others being alike reasonable and practical, a want of generosity and kindness to one, the weakness of others, a good deal of ambition, perhaps literary.

BETTY ULMSFORD.—I don't know what an intellectually lazy mind is. Dr Quincy advised reading the first six books of Euclid. I should think that would kill or cure. 2. White cashmere or veiling for winter, white mull for summer. Your handwriting shows great tact, great talent, an even and calm disposition, not great originality, though quite suffi iient determination, and strength of will. Love of art and appreciation of learning, great ideality. Poor lizzie, I am afraid that De Quincy's prescription will be too much for you!

ESTELLE CARRINGTON.—For character delineation see answer to Inistre Almsford. Geometry and Algebra would be useful discipline for you, though not conventional subjects I am sure. It has always been a principle with me never to pass by the chance of learning something new. Suppose you should have to earn your livelihood, the very best preparation possible is a well stocked headpiece. 2 Read standard authors. 3. Form your own judgments first, and then compare it with the opinions of authorities. How could there be any but the two ways of judging, your own and other people's opinions!

PLYMPTON.—Thanks. Among your many studies, have you ever tried orthography? There should be two r's in undoing, and the same number of n's in the middle of possess. Weren't you a little previous in taking an enquiry as a statement of a fact? Of course there is a wonderful possibility that even one visiting list in our bright city contains none but noodles of the sort you describe. Don't you remember the case of that poor old juryman who differed from his fellows, and stigmatized them as the most obstinate eleven men on earth?

POTTER OF TEXAS.—Writing denotes perseverance, self-consciousness not much reliability, want of culture, some perception, a disposition to equivocate, some discretion and others. If you send your writing to this paper, you must take the consequences. I like your mild request to have your character read without letting me see it or not. Do you suppose I can stoop to such trickery as you suggest. Go and try Texas, you seem to have been so let me find some good traits to console you You are generous, desirous of praise, probably clever and original. You seem to think I call a good business letter a good theorize and talk instead of work. And I think you're fond of a joke.

ESTELLE M. AND G. MCP.—I think I have already intimated several times, that this isn't a fortune-telling column. Your study is very pleasing but rather too short for a study, like, or if you'll ever get out of scrapes, Estelle, until you learn to take better care of yourself and are more sensible and practical, I shall fear for your future happiness and peaceness, but just an innate conviction of the worth of your remarks induces me to hope that you will avoid a life of society. Little girls of fifteen who think about husbands are abominable and distorted creatures of whom I have a holy horror. Dan had some better impress on your writing and your manner, and not bother for another five years about a possible husband.

ESTELLE.—Probably your friend has received an answer before this. If not, the letter has not reached me. You are answered in your name. I must decline to tell you my opinion of you, but if you wish a graphological delineation, I can give it. Your writing shows perseverance, constancy, no ideality, a large amount of self-esteem, truth, and perhaps you are a little parsimonious, and self-opinionated. Your writing lacks those graceful curves and flourishes which are indicative of the most attractive characteristics. The enclosed study shows energy, caprice, small intuition, great self-esteem, almost amounting to conceit, truth, generosity, a tendency to prosiness. I am sorry people would find the writer very trying to their patience.

MANZANITA.—I. You must wait your turn for your answer to writing chirography originality, a little temper, self-esteem, nervous concentration, caprice, good ideality, fondness for new sensations, love of travel, no intuition, and not much depth of emotion. The love affair idea would never have occurred to me. 2. Come out of yourself, be absorbed in outside interests. If you cultivate your natural presents are a tribute to some strong taste recognized in her, thus, to an artistic enthusiast, an interesting photo or engraving, to a literary mind the last new book, but the presents you perhaps mean are of jewelry, etc. I don't like to see girls accepting such offerings. It isn't nice, and it is quite possible to decline them in such a way as not to hurt the would be donor's feelings. A hair tonic is given in last week's issue. Write where you want it sent.

PLIMPTON.—1. Writing shows impulse, temper, great nervous energy, originality, decision, a slightly arbitrary disposition, loquacity, no ideality, little artistic taste. 2. Use your judgment about that. If you know the two intimately and wish to make them acquainted, because you believe a friendship would be the result, it is allowable to introduce them. You can say kindly and gracefully, "I want you to know each other, because you are both good friends of mine." A mutual friendship is a strong bond—sometimes. It is not considered the thing to introduce your callers to each other, generally. It is quite allowable for ladies to chat together without a formal introduction. Only an ill-bred person would interest being politely spoken to by another caller if the hostess were engaged with newer or more important visitors. Never call a person by their name, however, should you happen to know it, unless you are introduced. 3. The formality and style which irks you should never obtain among really well-bred ladies. Among such kindness and readiness to be amused and amusing do away with all unpleasant stiffness. I should never resent a little stiffness. Nine times in ten it arises from shyness and nervousness, and with tact and good nature you can soon unstiffen it.

PEPPER BOX.—Writing denotes great ideality and delicacy of perception, some pride, individuality, generosity, kindness, perhaps a tendency to be fretful, great and blooming temper, but ready forgiveness. 2. Why not continue the two colors, pale blue and cream are lovely. Figures run on a dull tinted rug, (we never put a carpet on a bed-room, the next door to a sin), over a cream painted board floor—liberty silk peas-cods, or the blue ones on a blue in cream, tied back with blue ribbons; for the bed (which should be light wood, or painted cream color) a bolster and a spread of pale blue sateen covered with cream lace, no pillows; two lounging chairs of rattan, and a common kitchen chair of white wood painted cream, with a bolster and cushion of pale blue, for the toilette, bisque ware and towels of linen edged with blue, and embroidered with my lady's initials, for the table a blue petticoat and cream lace cover falling well over the sides, for the glass more cream draperies. A very confidential and pretty way to drap the bed and glass is to have two wooden rings painted cream, one about fifteen inches across, the other about eight screwed into the ceiling, one just over the glass, the other just over the middle of the bed, and draw through them lengths of open work scrim, for the bed, it will take three breadths, and for the glass two, the scrim should be long enough to touch the floor, as it is tied back the head and foot board of the bed, and as it is draped back and tied with ribbons on either side of the mirror, or upper box, if you are tired of blue, carry out the fancy in pink and cream


The Misses E. & H. Johnston, 122 King street, beg to announce that they have opened up the latest novelties in spring dress goods, silks, etc. We cordially invite you to inspect the very latest in Parisian millinery, jeweled trimming and other novelties

AMERICAN FAIR
334 Yonge Street, Toronto

Dore's Paradise Lost $1.49, worth $2.50. An elegant assortment of Birthday Booklets and Cards, 4c. each up to 19c., worth 10c. to 50c. A lot of oil finished Splashers, beautifully decorated, 9c. each, worth 20c. to 25c. We have cut the price on the 25c. nickle plated Bank for 10c. pieces to 19c. The finest show of Brass and Painted Bird Cages in the city—brass, 99c., $1.49, $1.69, $2.24; Painted, 48c. up to $1.24. Do not forget our Window Shade Sale—49c., 59c., complete with Hartshorn spring roller and pull. All colors in fine Table Oilcloth, 25c. Corset Bone Dressing 19c. Mrs. Potts' Irons 90c. Wilson's Toilet Paper, full package, wrapped and on hook, 10c., usually 15c. to 20c. Store open evenings Get our catalogue.

WM. H. BENTLEY

The Crown Perfumery Co's DELICIOUS NEW PERFUME
CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS
EXTRA CONCENTRATED
"A delicate perfume of highest quality; one of the choicest" ever produced.—Court Journal
Crab-Apple Blossoms
177 NEW BOND ST LONDON.
TRULY CALLED THE
GREATEST MEDICINE in the WORLD
Absolutely Guaranteed to Cure
The public invited to investigate personally. Pamphlets, Testimonials and advice free. Call or address Wm. Radam Microbe Killer Co., Limited, 139 King Street West, Toronto, Ont., sole owners and manufacturers for the Dominion. Beware of impositions. See our Trade Mark.

Rheumatism
IS
PROMPTLY CURED BY
Cures Also:
Neuralgia,
Lumbago,
Sciatica,
Sprains,
Bruises,
Burns,
Wounds,
Swellings,
Soreness,
Frost-bites,
Stiffness,
All Aches.
The Chas. A. Vogeler Co.,
Baltimore, Md.
Canadian Depot:
Toronto, Ont.
St. Jacobs Oil

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

LADIES
INCREASE YOUR COMFORT BY WEARING
FEATHERBONE
TRY A SAMPLE PAIR
SOLD EVERYWHERE
MADE ONLY BY CANADA FEATHERBONE CO. LONDON, O.
ASK FOR
THEY ARE MORE DURABLE
THEY ARE MORE GRACEFUL
THEY ARE MORE STYLISH
CORSETS.
THAN ANY OTHER CORSET IN THE MARKET.

DUNN'S
BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

Incorporated 1886 TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN President.

# CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

FOURTH YEAR

OVER 1,200 PUPILS LAST THREE YEARS

Send for New 100-page calender for season 1890-91. Mailed free to any address. Apply—
EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director,
Cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Avenue.
Please mention this paper.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC, Ltd.
In affiliation with the University of Toronto.
Thorough musical education in all branches. SPECIAL ADVANTAGES. F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director

MR. W. EDGAR BUCK, Basso-Cantante
Pupil of Manuel Garcia, London, Eng. Conductor "Toronto Vocal Society." Voice Culture and Singing. Instruction for Oratorio, Opera and Concerts. 565 Church St.

MISS MARIE C. STRONG PRIMO-CONTRALTO
OPEN FOR
CONCERT ENGAGEMENTS
Also receives pupils in Voice Culture. Teacher of vocal culture at Brentford Ladies' College. For terms address—
175 College Ave., Toronto

HAROLD JARVIS, Tenor Soloist
Medalist Academy of Music, London, Eng., will receive a limited number of pupils. Open for concert, oratorio, church and other engagements. 50 Charles St.

W. O. FORSYTH Studied the Piano with the great German teachers—Krause, Ruthardt and Zwintcher; theory with S. Jadasohn, Schrock, Richard Hofmann (of Leipsic) and Dr. Paul Riesgel of Stuttgardt. Teaches but two subjects—piano playing and theory. Every care given to piano pupils, both professional and amateur, and the most approved methods taught in developing a perfect technique, interpretation and style. Toronto College of Music or 112 College Street.

S. H. CLARK
ELOCUTIONIST
(Open for Concert engagements and evenings of Readings.)
PRIVATE PUPILS IN ELOCUTION
*63 Winchester Street - - - Toronto*

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster of St. Simon's Church and Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.
Organ, Piano and Harmony
94 Gloucester Street

MR. W. E. FAIRCLOUGH
Fellow of the College of Organists, London, Eng., and Organist and Choirmaster of All Saints' Church, Toronto, is prepared to give lessons in Organ and Piano playing, Singing, Harmony, &c.
Mr. Fairclough undertakes to prepare candidates for musical examinations. Address—
TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

A. S. VOGT (LATE OF THE ROYAL Conservatoire, Leipsig, Germany) Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto, teacher of
Piano, Organ and Musical Theory
at the Toronto College of Music
Residence 349 Jarvis Street.

LLOYD N. WATKINS
1909 Church Street
Thorough instruction on Banjo Guitar, Mandolin and Zither.

T. A. BLAKELEY
Organist Sherbourne street Methodist church, is prepared to receive pupils in
ORGAN, PIANO AND THEORY
ADDRESS, 46 PHOEBE STREET.

WALTER DONVILLE
TEACHER OF VIOLIN
Pupil of Prof. Carrodus, Trinity College, London, Eng.
5 Buchanan St., and Toronto College of Music

Lowe's Commercial Academy
346 Spadina Avenue
Central School 53 King Street East

Hundreds of Our Pupils Now Holding Lucrative Positions

Persons wishing to acquire Shorthand, Bookkeeping, &c., in a short length of time, and at the least possible expense, should attend the above school.
Many of our pupils have mastered shorthand in from four to six weeks, and bookkeeping in from twenty to thirty lessons.
Pupils are not taught on the business college plan, neither are they charged business college prices.
The Only Charge Until Proficient Being $5
PUPILS ASSISTED TO POSITIONS

CAPILLINE
FOR THE HAIR
Prevents Falling Out
Promotes Growth
Removes Dandruff
25c. Per Bottle
NEIL C. LOVE & CO.
Leading Chemists and Perfumers
166 Yonge St., next to Indian Clock

DEAFNESS
ITS CAUSES AND CURE
Scientifically treated by an aurist of world-wide reputation. Deafness eradicated and entirely cured, of from 20 to 30 years' standing, after all other treatments have failed. How the difficulty is reached and the cause removed, fully explained in circulars, with affidavits and testimonials of cures from prominent people, mailed free.
Dr. A. FONTAINE, 34 West 14th St., N. Y.

THE VOICE
Production, Development, Cultivation and Style

W. ELLIOT HASLAM
SPECIALIST FOR VOICE CULTURE
Gives lessons in Singing, and prepares professional pupils for Oratorio, Concert or Opera.
Studio 143 Yonge Street, Toronto

J. W. L. FORSTER
Portraits a Specialty
ARTIST
STUDIO 81 KING ST. EAST

HAMILTON MacCARTHY, R.C.A.,
SCULPTOR. Artist of the Col. Williams and Ryerson monuments. Ladies' and Children's Portraits. Studio 12 Lombard Street, Toronto.

F. W. MICKLETHWAITE
PHOTOGRAPHER
Cor. Jarvis and King Streets - - Toronto
SPECIALTIES—Outdoor Views, Crayon Portraits.
"THE BEST"

SUNBEAMS
ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer
116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West
Photographs of all sizes
Sunbeams $1 per doz.

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT
4 and 8 Jordan Street
This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1090. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, Warts, Birth Marks, and all facial blemishes permanently removed by electrolysis. DR. FOSTER, Electrician, Yonge Street Market, 291 Yonge Street.

MR. THOMAS MOWBRAY
Architectural Sculptor
IN STONE AND WOOD
86 Yonge Street Arcade

THOMAS MOFFATT
Fine Ordered Boots and Shoes
A good fit guaranteed. Prices moderate. Strictly first-class.
145 Yonge Street, Toronto.

McCAUSLAND & SON'S
WALL PAPER
IMPORTATIONS
ARE UNEXCELLED FOR VARIETY AND BEAUTY OF DESIGN. ALL GRADE AND PRICES
76 KING STREET WEST
TORONTO

F. H. SEFTON
DENTIST
172 Yonge Street, next door to Simpson's Dry Goods Store

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE
Best teeth on Rubber, $8.00. Vitalized air for painless extraction. Telephone 1476
C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge

DR. McLAUGHLIN
DENTIST
Corner College and Yonge Streets
Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth

HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY
394 Yonge Street, Toronto
Keeps in stock Pure Homœopathic Medicines, in Tinctures, Dilutions, and Pellets. Pure Sugar of Milk Globules. Books and Family Medicine Cases from $1 to $12. Orders for Medicines and Books promptly attended to. Send for Pamphlet. D. L. THOMPSON, Pharmacist.

JAMES PAPE
FLORAL ARTIST
18 Yonge Street, Toronto
Three doors north of King Street.
Specialties for Weddings and Evening Parties. Funeral Designs on the shortest notice.

MEDICAL.

DR. C. C. JOB, 74 Pembroke Street
Homœopathist and Medical Electrician
Asthma, Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, Diabetes, Ungina Pectoris, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Constipation and all chronic, difficult or obscure diseases.
LADIES—All displacements and enlargements of the womb cured. Treatment new and pleasant.

DR. SPILSBURY
240 Huron Street, first door north of College. Specialist diseases of Throat, Nose and Ear. Office hours—9 to 11 a.m., and 2 to 4 p.m.

DR. YOUNG, L.R.C.P., London, Eng.
Physician and Surgeon
Residence 145 College Avenue. Hours 12 till 3 p.m., and Sundays. Telephone 2499.
Office 26 McCaul Street. Hours 9 till 11 a.m., and 7 till 9 p.m. Telephone 1685.

DR. EMILY H. STOWE, 119 CHURCH Street.
Consultation 1 to 5 p.m. In Therapeutics, Electricity and Massage a specialty. Telephone 934.

JOHN B. HALL, M.D., 326 and 328 Jarvis Street, HOMŒOPATHIST
Specialties—Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of Women. Office hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 501 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 258 Bathurst Street.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 146 Carlton Street

:-: NEW MUSIC :-:

No Life Without Love Waltzes
By Chas. Bohner.....Price 60c
Reverie Musicale Valse
By J. C. Swallow.....Price 50c
Move On Polka
By Chas. Bohner.....Price 40
Field Flowers Waltz
By M. A. Weped.....Price 50c
Every piece a gem. Ask your dealer for them or order direct from the publishers
WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.
MUSIC DEALERS
158 Yonge Street, Toronto

Artistic Millinery
THE FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM
63 King St. West
(First floor—opp. Mail Office.)
Are now prepared to show a complete assortment of Spring importations in Flowers, Feathers, Laces, Pattern Hats, Bonnets, etc.
MRS. A. BLACK, Mgr.

FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING
MISS PATON'S rooms are now open and thoroughly equipped with the spring styles and modes. The latest French, English and American fashions. An early visit and inspection invited.
Rooms, Golden Lion, R. Walker & Sons,
35 King Street East

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING
The most stylish designs for the coming season, at moderate prices.
MRS A. JAMES
153 Richmond Street - - - Toronto
Between York and Simcoe Streets.

THE SCHOOL OF CUTTING

Teaching our New Tailor System of Dress and Mantle cutting for ladies' and children's garments. Perfect satisfaction assured.
DRESSMAKING
Our art. Perfection in Fit, Fashion and Finish. Special attention to Costumes and Mantle making.
MILLINERY
Leading styles. Well assorted winter stock at reduced prices.
J. & A. CARTER
Established 1860 372 Yonge St., cor. Walton Toronto

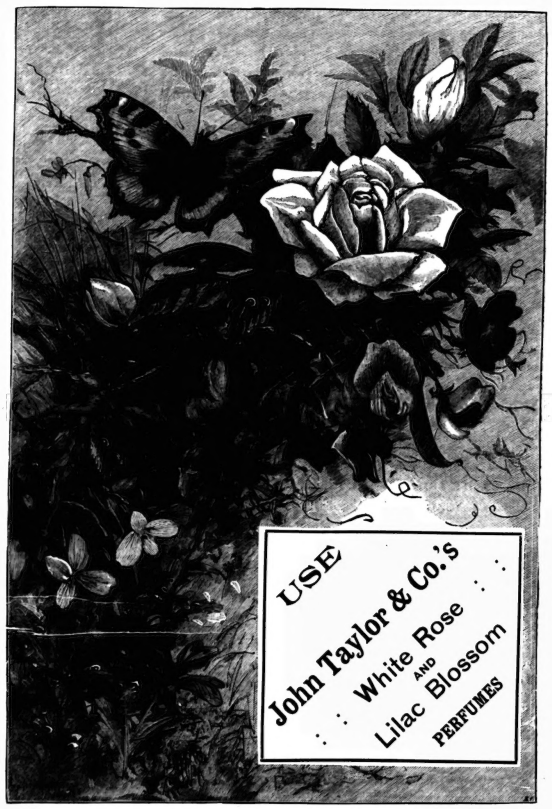
DRESSMAKERS'
Magic Scale

The Tailor System of Cutting Improved and Simplified
COMPLETE IN ONE PIECE
MISS CHUBB, Gen. Agt.
Waist Linings and Dresses Cut
CORSETS
made to order. Satisfaction guaranteed.
426 1-2 Yonge St.
(Just south of College)

Easy and Other Chairs
Drawing and Dining-Rooms Suites, Parlor, Office, Study and Other Furniture
These goods are manufactured by me, and are adapted to the requirements of home and places of business. I keep a stock, also make to order. Upholstering is a specialty both in design, quality of material and richness of color.
WELLINGTON STOTT
170 King Street West - Toronto

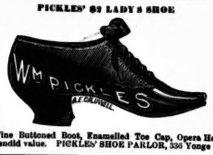
GRAND NATIONAL Hack and Coupe Stables, 108 Mutual St. Handsome turnouts with careful drivers any time day or night.
Telephone 2104
Arthur M. Bowman
Proprietor

Mistress—What would you do, Bridget, if you could play the piano as well as I can?
Bridget—Sure, I'd go on learnin' until I could play it decently.




WALKING SHOES
FOR SPRING TRADE
There will be a larger trade than ever in these goods this year. We always lead in Variety, Style, Durability. See our stock before purchasing elsewhere.
H. & C. BLACHFORD
87 and 89 King Street East Toronto

PICKLES' $2 LADY'S SHOE




A Fine Buttoned Boot, Enamelled Toe Cap, Opera Heel. Splendid value. PICKLES' SHOE PARLOR, 336 Yonge St.

Spring Goods
TO HAND
Winter Goods
Closing Out at Close Cost Prices
Boots
Shoes
Rubbers
WM. WEST & CO.
246 Yonge St.

The Home Savings & Loan Co. Ltd.
OFFICE: 78 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO
$500,000 to loan on Mortgage—small and large sums. Reasonable rates of interest and terms of repayment. No valuation fee charged.
HON. FRANK SMITH, President JAMES MASON, Manager.

J. YOUNG
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER
347 Yonge Street, Toronto.
TELEPHONE 679.

AROUND THE WORLD FOR $600.00 BY
CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
For information apply to
W. R. CALLAWAY
DISTRICT PASSENGER AGENT
118 King Street West, Toronto

White Enamel Letters
FOR WINDOWS
Caesar Bros.' Patent.
The most conspicuous and durable letter in the market. Not affected by light and frost.
Canadian White Enamel Sign Co.
4 Adelaide Street West, Toronto
Agents wanted in every City and Town in Dominion.

J & J. LUGSDIN
THE LEADING
Hatters and Furriers
101 Yonge Street TORONTO
Telephone No. 2575

ATKINSON'S
Parisian Tooth Paste
FOR CLEANING THE TEETH
30 YEARS IN USE

# Fine : : Hand Made Wall Papers

WE ARE showing a beautiful selection of English, French and American Hand-made Wall Papers in color and gold effects, which for real value cannot be surpassed. The designs are not to be seen elsewhere, and the prices are very moderate. An immense variety of Sanitary Washable Papers from 18c. per roll.

## ELLIOTT & SON

94 and 96 Bay Street

## DRESDEN

MISS JOYCE receives into her house young ladies wishing to study Languages, Music or Painting. German lady resident. House beautifully situated.

REFERENCES—Jacob Bright, Esq., M.P., 31 St. James's Place, London; Rev. Dr. Little, Boston, U. S. A.

**Terms $50 per Month.**

Address—

Richenbach Strasse, 11,
DRESDEN, GERMANY.

## Freehold Loan and Savings Company

**DIVIDEND 63**

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. on the capital stock of the Company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after the first day of June next at the office of the Company, Church street. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to 30th May inclusive. Notice is also given that the general annual meeting of the Company will be held at 3 o'clock p.m. on Tuesday, June 2, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, etc. By order of the Board.

S. C. WOOD, Manager.

## MISS HOLLAND

## Millinery, Mantles, Dressmaking

**112 Yonge Street**

Two doors south of Adelaide, west side.

Having removed to a more convenient locality, Miss Holland would solicit inspection of her new stock of French Bonnets, Hats, &c., which will be found up to the usual standard of excellence.

DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT under the able management of MISS DUFFY, late of H. S. Morison & Co.

## McCUAIG & MAINWARING

**REAL ESTATE, FINANCIAL AND LOAN AGENTS**

18 Victoria Street, TORONTO — 147 St. James Street, MONTREAL

We purchase, sell and rent all kinds of real estate, organize syndicates and manage estates, negotiate loans, purchase and sell mortgages, debentures, etc.

Our list of properties for sale comprises houses and lots at all prices in the best localities. The following are a few samples of selected

**ARTISTIC HOMES**

BORDEN STREET, NO. 73—SOLID BRICK, SEMI-DETACHED, 10 rooms, bath, &c., hot and cold water, furnace, full size concrete cellar, two gas grates. Very desirable modern house, thoroughly well built. Excellent locality. Easy terms. Price $4,250.

BLOOR STREET EAST—A FINE SEMI-DETACHED, solid brick house, comprising 12 rooms, well planned and conveniently laid out. House has been recently decorated and papered throughout. All modern improvements, heated with hot water. Location is very charming—overlooks beautiful private grounds and the Rosedale ravine. Price $10,000.

BRUNSWICK AVE., NO. 66—SOLID BRICK, SEMI-DETACHED, side entrance, stone foundations, 10 rooms, full size cellar, concrete floor. All conveniences, hot air heating, nicely papered down stairs. Price $3,500.

PEMBROKE ST.—A THOROUGHLY FIRST-CLASS detached solid brick house, comprising 10 rooms, with all modern improvements. Well rented. From its close proximity to the Horticultural Gardens this is a most desirable property.

ST. GEORGE STREET—A CHARMINGLY SITUATED, solid brick, semi-detached house, thoroughly comfortable, well-proportioned rooms. All in first-class order, comprising 12 rooms, heated by furnace, beautiful lawn in front with deep lot nicely sodded. Fine newly built stable and carriage house, harness and coachman's room, splendid location for a doctor. For full particulars call at office. Price only $8,500.

WINDSOR STREET—DETACHED, BRICK CASED, 9 rooms, bath and all modern conveniences, lane at side and rear. Cheap if sold at once.

Our printed catalogue containing a full list of our properties will be sent free to any address.

McCUAIG & MAINWARING
18 Victoria Street

**FREE** With every dozen of our Cabinets I make a large size Crayon Picture of yourself. Satisfactory expression and artistic pose are some of the features of my work.

Your Portrait in Crayon

**LYON'S** PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO
Cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets

## Look for Progressive Euchre Presents

AT

**BROWN'S, 110 YONGE STREET**

Oxydized Card Cases, Match Safes, Car Ticket Boxes, Bon Bon Boxes, Shopping Tablets

*Just the things for Progressive Euchre Parties*

## Special Millinery Opening

AT

## McKENDRY'S

IN THE most beautiful Showroom in Canada will be held on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday next the third Millinery opening of the present season. On Thursday last we received from Paris, France, a case of the very latest productions of French art in Pattern Hats and Bonnets. On these novelties the rage seems to be for gold and silver effects, the entire crown being composed of gold and lace, and trimmed with garnitures of gold and lilac and other colors. As fast as mail steamers carry goods so fast do we keep in touch with the French markets, for after all that's where the world looks to for the correct think in the fashion world. Our prices, which already attract so much attention, are just as small on these goods (usually charged for so very excessively) as on a yard of muslin proportionately. A revelation of beauty and money saving is in store for visitors for the next three days. Those who are afraid of a big crowd should wait till Tuesday as Monday is Bargain Day.

## McKENDRY'S

**202 YONGE STREET**

6 Doors North of Queen

## M. STAUNTON & CO.

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF

## Wall Papers

Of all grades from the lowest priced papers to the highest class of Decorative Hangings. Among the latter are

Japanese Leathers
French Leathers
Lignomur
Lincrusta, &c.

Ingrains with Choice Friezes to Match

WINDOW SHADES
AND IMPORTED
GERMAN LACES AND FRINGES
ROOM MOULDINGS

**4 King Street West**

## Fathers - - and - - Mothers

Maybe that boy of yours would be the better of a new suit of clothes? If so, no better place than this to supply the want.

With stock large and styles the newest, selection should be easy here.

T. K. ROGERS
522 Queen St. West — TORONTO
Cor. Hackney Street

# AN INTERESTING STUDY

FRAGMENTS culled from the Bon Marche's great list of Bargains for next week. A few of the leading attractions to be found in the Glove and Hosiery Department, a pleasant subject for your consideration:

Beautiful French Kid Gloves, black and colored, 4-button length, choice assortment of shades.
**50c., worth 75c.**

**STAINLESS DYE**
Hosiery, positively indestructible Black for Gent's, Ladies, Misses and Children, manufactured specially for us. Ask to see them.

Ladies fine Cashmere Hose, only 25c a pair. Our line of
**3 pairs for $1**
Is positively worth 50c a pair

**LOVELY EVENING SHADES**
French Kid Gloves, Pink, Cream and Blue Shades, 4-button length.
**25c., worth 75c.**

Ladies' stainless dye, very fine Cotton Hose, 25c., worth 40c; extra fine Lisle Thread, warranted stainless dye.
**50c., worth 75c.**

**35 CTS. A PAIR** or 3 pairs for one dollar of our Gent's extra fine stainless dye Lisle Thread
**HALF HOSE**

Ladies, Misses and Children's Underwear from the tiniest infant's size to the ladies' extra large O. S.
Our ladies Boltonian vest at 10c. is really worth 20c.

**20 CTS. A PAIR** or 6 pairs for one dollar of our Gent's Indestructible Black fine Cotton
**HALF HOSE**

Gent's Fine Kid Gloves, from the best French makers. A choice walking glove, all shades, 75c., worth $1. Our $1 celebrated Suede Driving Gloves is a gem. Every pair warranted.

We might go on "ad infinitum" quoting bargains as above, but space, that very necessary adjunct to successful advertising, limits us. Note carefully the above goods. They are worthy of your consideration, and remember the above is only a partial list of our bargains for next week.

**THE BON MARCHE - 7 & 9 King Street East**

## ?

WHAT IS THE

## MASON AND RISCH PIANO?

It is the most unqualified success in
MUSICAL ART MANUFACTURE
which this country has as yet produced.

Only an instrument of which this is true could have elicited the following letter from such a pre-eminent source of authority:

"*The Mason & Risch piano you forwarded to me is excellent, magnificent, unequalled. Artists, judges and the public will certainly be of the same opinion.*

"FRANZ LIZST, the Great Mæstro."

HEAD OFFICE: 32 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

## RETIRING FROM BUSINESS

## N. ROONEY

Having decided to retire from the dry goods business, now offers his

## LARGE WHOLESALE STOCK

**FOR SALE BY RETAIL**

The stock comprises

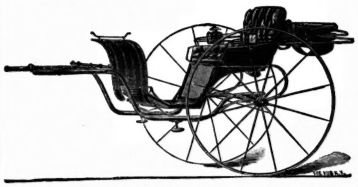
**Table Linens, Tablecloths, Napkins, Towellings, Towels, Plain and Embroidered Handkerchiefs, Lace Curtains, White and Embroidered Quilts, Black Silks, Black Cashmeres, Black Crapes, Sheetings, Pillow Linens, Pillow Cottons, Etc., Etc.**

This week will show 5,000 pairs Lace Swiss Curtains fully 33⅓ % under regular wholesale prices

**N. ROONEY - - 62 Yonge Street**

## CHARLES BROWN & CO'S PARK PHAETON

The Only Two-Wheeler that is a Success in Every Way



BODY AND SPRINGS HAVE No Connection WITH SHAFTS

Entirely new. Elegant in style and finish. The finest trap made for doctors and ladies.

## CHARLES BROWN & CO.

6 Adelaide Street East, Toronto

## Grand's Repository

TORONTO

As previously advertised, our next large

SPECIAL SALE OF

## High-Class Horses

TAKES PLCE

**Tuesday and Wednesday of Next Week**

**May 5 and 6**

All the horses will be on exhibition at the Repository Saturday next, and from 2 p.m. until 5 o'clock they will be shown in harness, and the saddle horses and hunters shown under saddle and over hurdles.

**100 of Canada's Choicest Horses**

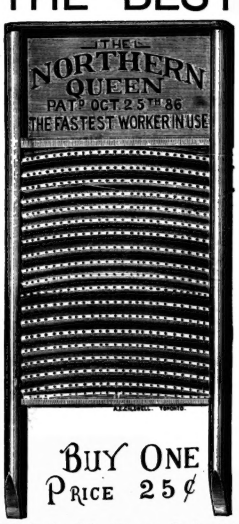
on exhibition, including several splendid four-in-hands. Intending purchasers are respectfully invited to be present.

Temporary sickness and want of condition prevented a large proportion of these horses from being presented at our great annual spring sale. They will now be sold, positively without reserve, to the highest bidders.

Sale each day at 10.30 sharp.

**W. D. GRAND**
Proprietor and Auctioneer

## THE BEST




This is the Only Genuine Perforated Washboard

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

MANUFACTURED BY

**Taylor, Scott & Co.**
TORONTO

## Social and Personal.

*(Continued from Page Two.)*

elections, and Mr. Boswell still remains the Commodore, supported by a band of energetic and painstaking committeemen.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Blackwood gave a large theater party. Among those invited were Mrs. Bain, the Misses Beardmore, Mr. George Beardmore, Mr. Mathews and others.

Among those present at Miss Wilkie's tea given last Saturday afternoon were noticed Miss Small, Miss Dawson, Miss Brough, Mrs. McCullough, Mrs. Bain, Mrs. Macdougall, the Misses Todd, Dickson and Yarker, and Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. Mathews, Mr. James Thorburn and Mr. Vankoughnet. The rooms were tastefully decorated with a profusion of beautiful roses.

It is rumored that Mrs. J. K. Kerr may shortly open her house to the members of the Toronto Riding and Driving Club and their friends. Those who enjoyed Mrs. Kerr's delightful hospitality last year will look forward to a repetition of it with great pleasure.

On Thursday and Friday of this week a bazaar was held at St. James' school house in aid of the organ fund. All the week fair dames and damsels with busy hands and deft fingers were hard at work preparing their stalls and tables, and the result has been most commendable. Stalls covered with pretty and useful articles, tempting sweetmeats and beautiful flowers were tended by fair saleswomen whom the sterner sex found it hard to resist. A maypole, gipsy tent and a concert room with dramatic and musical entertainments were added to the other attractions.

### Wholesale Dry Goods at Retail.

Mr. N. Rooney, wholesale dry goods merchant, having decided to retire from business, is now offering his stock for sale by retail. Ten thousand pairs of Belgium and Swiss lace curtains of really handsome patterns will, beginning Monday next, be retailed at less than usual wholesale prices.

Fanny Davenport.

WRITES:

PROVIDENCE, April 7, 1889.

MY DEAR MADAM,—Purely by accident one day in Chicago I bought a pot of your Recamier Cream, and on trying it found it the most delightfully refreshing thing I have ever applied to my skin. Most assuredly you have made a marvellous discovery, and one and all of our sex should heartily thank you. I find it not only a refreshing, softening article for skin at night, but for the day use also. Please send me some of the Balm and another jar of the Cream to the Brunswick, Boston, and believe me,

Very thankfully,

FANNY DAVENPORT.

To Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

**Recamier Cream, $1.50 per Jar**

**A Perfect Remedial Agent for the Skin. Endorsed by the Highest Authorities.**

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from either of the Canadian offices of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul street, Montreal, and 50 Wellington street East, Toronto. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices.

**DENSOLINE**
(Pure Petroleum Jelly.)
**(SUPERIOR TO VASELINE)**
The great skin healer and beautifier of the complexion.
**NATURE'S HEALING OINTMENT**
**USE**
Gold Seal Densoline for Rough Skin
Cold Cream Densoline for the Complexion
Densoline Toilet Soap, made from Pure Petroleum Jelly, a perfect cure for all Skin Affections
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS
MANUFACTURED BY
**AMERICAN OIL CO.**
29 Adelaide St. West, Toronto
Small samples can be obtained free of charge by applying at office.

DENTISTRY.

**C. A. RISK**
*Graduate and Medallist of Royal College of Dental Surgeons,*
First-class patronage solicited.
Over "The Bell," 86 Yonge St., near King
Open evenings.

**H. D. BOYES**
**DENTIST**
Room 26 Yonge St. Market, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Sts

**G. L. BALL, DENTIST**
Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
24 Gerrard Street East, Toronto. Tel. 2266

**DR. CAPON** Tel. 3821
22 Carlton Street
L.D.S., Toronto (Gold Medal); D.D.S., Philadelphia; M.D.S., New York.

**WM. MILLS, L.D.S, D.D.S., Dentist**
North Cor. Yonge and Albert Streets. Entrance 4 Albert Street, Toronto.

**DR. J. FRANK ADAMS, Dentist**
325 College Street
Telephone 2278. TORONTO

**DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon**
Gold Medallist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.
Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto.

**J. G. ADAMS**
**DENTIST**
346 Yonge St.; entrance, No. 1 Elm St. Tel. No. 2064.

**Pike's Piano Polish**
OLD FURNITURE MADE NEW
Without labor by the use of
**P. P. P.**
Easily applied, dries quickly, and leaves a permanent polish which does not smear or finger-mark.
A Trial is Sufficient to Establish Its Merits
**Bingham's Pharmacy**
100 YONGE STREET


## The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

### Births.

McNAIR—At Cheraw, South Carolina, on April 23, Mrs. John T. McNair—a son.

MACKLEM—On April 27, Mrs. O. R. Macklem—a son, still-born.

DECATUR—At Toronto, on April 25, Mrs. D. R. Decatur—a daughter.

DENISON—At Toronto, on April 25, Mrs. Charles L. Denison—a son.

CAIRNS—At Toronto, on April 23, Mrs. T. H. Cairns—a daughter.

GUAY—At Toronto, on April 21, Mrs. T. Guay—a son.

KERSTEMAN—At Toronto, on April 18, Mrs. William Kerstenan—a daughter.

PETRIE—At Toronto, on April 21, Mrs. H. W. Petrie—a daughter.

TOWNSEND—On April 22, Mrs. Charles Jarvis Townsend—a daughter.

CHICK—At Toronto, on April 21, Mrs. W. J. Chick—a daughter.

McKENZIE—At Malton, Ont., on April 19, Mrs. Kenneth McKenzie—a daughter.

SHAW—At Hamilton, on April 22, Mrs. G. M. Shaw—a daughter.

UPTON—At Toronto, on April 19, Mrs. Fred. E. Upton—a daughter.

FERRY—At Toronto, on April 21, Mrs. A. D. Ferry—a son.

LAWRENCE—At Bradford, on April 18, Mrs. Robert M. Lawrence—a son.

GOODERHAM—At Toronto, on April 22, Mrs. George H. Gooderham—a son.

KIRKWOOD—At Toronto, on April 19, Mrs. Alexander Kirkwood—a son.

NORDHEIMER—At Glenedyth, on April 26, Mrs. Nordheimer—a daughter.

### Marriages.

BEALE—HUTTY—At Toronto, on St. George's day, Captain Percy Beale to Annie E. Hutty.

JEANDRON—RUTLEDGE—At Toronto, on April 23, William J. Jeandron to Ada Rutledge.

DENNIS—FRANKS—At Weston, on April 21, James R. Dennis to Alice Anna Franks.

SPILLETTE—ALLES—At Toronto, on April 22, E. Spillette to Florence Alles of Berlin.

NIXON—GERLACH—At Suspension Bridge, on April 22, Cyrus Nixon to Helena Wilhelmina Gerlach.

COOK—HUNTER—At Wexford, on April 22, A. B. Cook to Sarah E. Hunter.

STONE—TIDEY—At Toronto, on April 20, R. Stone to Jennie Tidey.

McFAUL—McCABE—At Toronto, on April 8, M. B. McFaul to Mary E. McCabe.

NORTON—CHRISTIAN—At Toronto, on April 27, William John Norton to Elizabeth Christian.

CORBET—PRINGLE—At Cornwall, on April 17, Frederick D. Corbet to Annie Moore Pringle.

STUART—ARMOUR—At Toronto, on April 22, Alfred W. Stuart to Martha Armour.

### Deaths.

HOLLAND—At Toronto, on April 20, Arthur H. Hollard, aged 16 years.

HORNE—At Toronto, on April 20, Stephen Horne, aged 28 years.

LAWRENCE—At Bradford, on April 19, infant son of Robt. M. and Florence M. Lawrence.

MOFFAT—At Toronto, on April 21, Alexander J. Moffat.

PARKER—At Barrie, on April 21, Sarah Parker, aged 78 years.

SWITZER—At Toronto, Eliza Switzer, aged 42 years.

WHITE—At Woodstock, on April 20, Margaret Veitch White.

BATTERSBY—At Port Dover, on April 21, Mary Battersby, aged 81 years.

RANDOLPH—At Toronto, Mrs. Everline Randolph.

ARMSTRONG—At Toronto, on April 25, Lavina Jane Armstrong, aged 22 years.

CREAGH—At Toronto, on April 27, Mary Creagh, aged 67 years.

CRITCHLEY—At Calgary, N.W.T., on April 25, Cecil M. Critchley.

DYE—At Toronto, on April 26, John Dye, aged 16 years.

PALLETT—At Mimico, on April 27, John Ames Pallett, aged 27 years.

TEES—At Toronto, on April 26, Edith Grace, infant daughter of Joseph and Edith Tees.

YOUNG—At Peterborough, on April 23, John Stinson Young, aged 75 years.

SHAW—At Tullamore, on April 27, Sarah Shaw, aged 34 years.

STRONG—At Toronto, on April 25, William Oldman Strong, aged 36 years.

MANNELL—At Toronto, on April 26, James Mannell, aged 64 years.

WALLACE—At Toronto, on April 25, Margaret Metcalf Wallace, aged 64 years.

ADDISON—At Toronto, on April 25, Francis McIlroy, infant son of Fred and Minnie Addison.

MACGILLIVRAY—At Duntroon, on April 23, Duncan Macgillivray, aged 49 years.

NICOL—At Toronto, on April 22, William Nicol, aged 88 years.

NICOL—At Sutton West, James E Nicol, aged 26 years.

JOY—At Barrie, on April 22, Henry Joy, aged 61 years.

OXENHAM—Accidentally drowned in Burlington Bay, Fred C Oxenham, aged 20 years.


TRY
**SIMCOE**
GRATED
PUMPKIN
CANNING CO.'S
MAKES DELICIOUS
**PUMPKIN PIES**

This Young Man's Occupation is Gone

And our machines are now cleaning the costly carpets and fine rugs for the ladies of Toronto.

SPECIAL.—We would like the ladies to give us a call and see how the work is done. Our business is strictly carpet cleaning, fitting, laying, etc., so that we give our whole time and attention to the work. Open all the year. Capacity 3,000 yards daily. Grease spots removed when ordered to do so only. Orders called for and returned to any part of the city. We have a special moth-proof room for storing carpets. Parties going to the country may leave them with us until their return. Send for price list. We have in stock Mealey's Moth-proof Carpet Lining and Excelsior Stair Pads.

Orders taken at 170 King Street West, 3585 Yonge Street, 273 Spadina Avenue, 428 Queen Street West, 1,412 Queen Street West, Parkdale.

**The Toronto Carpet Cleaning Works**
Head Office 44 Lombard Street. Telephone 2036.
A. S. PFEIFFER & HOUGH BROS., Props.

**OAK HALL**

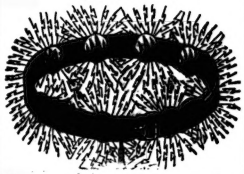
Particular attention has been given to our Boys' Suits this year. As a result we have now on hand such a diversity of styles and patterns as has never before been placed before the public

INSPECTION INVITED

**OAK HALL**
THE GREAT
ONE-PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE
115, 117, 119, 121 King St. East
Toronto
W. RUTHERFORD - - Manager

GAS, ELECTRIC & COMBINATION FIXTURES.
BENNETT & WRIGHT
72 QUEEN ST. EAST
TORONTO.

**THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCE CO.**
Head Office - - - Chicago, Ill.
Incorporated June 17, 1887, with a Cash Capital of $50,000



71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.
G. C. PATTERSON, Manager for Canada

Dr. A. Owen, after years of experiment and study, has given to the world an Electric Belt that has no equal in this or any other country. Fully covered by patents.

RHEUMATISM

is found wherever man is found, and it does not respect age, sex, color, rank or occupation.

Medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. Although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined.

Our treatment is a mild, continuous galvanic current, as generated by the Owen Electric Body Battery, which may be applied directly to the affected parts.

WOMEN

The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence the woman's friend, for its merits are equal as a preventive and curative for the many troubles peculiar to her sex. It is nature's cure.

The following are among the diseases cured by the use of THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS:

| | |
|---|---|
| Rheumatism | Disease of the Chest |
| Neuralgia | Spermatorrhea |
| Dyspepsia | Impotency |
| Sciatica | Sexual Exhaustion |
| Lumbago | Paralysis |
| General Debility | Spinal Disease |
| Liver Complaint | Nervous Complaints |
| Kidney Disease | Urinary Diseases |
| Female Complaints | General Ill-Health |

CHALLENGE.

We challenge the world to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we use on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. The ordinary belts are not so.

WE ALWAYS LEAD AND NEVER FOLLOW

Other belts have been in the market for five and ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than all other makes combined. The people want the best.

All persons desiring information regarding the cure of ACUTE, CHRONIC and NERVOUS DISEASES please inclose SIX (6) CENTS and write for Illustrated Catalogue.

**THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT CO.**
71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.
Mention this paper.

**DIAMONDS.**
**G. E. TROREY**
61 King Street East, opposite Toronto Street

**CANADIAN & AMERICAN UNDERCLOTHING**
**NEW GOODS**

CORSET COVERS - 35c. Embroidered, Full Trimmed. 40c. Square and V Shape Trimmed Embroidery. 50c. Square Front Embroidery Trimming.
CHEMISE - - - 25c. Plain Cotton, 35c. Full Trimming. 50c. Embroidered, Extra quality Cambric, 75c., $1, $1.25, $1.50.
DRAWERS - - - 25c. in the New French and American Cut. 35c. Frilled, Fine Cambric. 50c. Embroidery Trimmed. 75c. Tucked and Embroidered, also Lace Trimmed, $1, $1.25, $1.50. Extra quality of Cambric.
GOWNS - - - - 90c. Mother Hubbard Style, Embroidered and Tucked. $1 Fine Tucks Embroidered. $1.25 Lace and Embroidery Trimmed
SKIRTS - - - - 75c., $1, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2, $2.50. Frilled, Embroidered, Lace and Hemstitch Trimmed.
DRESSING JACKETS $1.50, $2 and $2.50. White Lawn, Embroidered Trimmed. Fancy Spotted Lawn, latest American style.
CHILDREN'S DRESSES 25c., 75c., $1 and $1.50. Printed Cambric, 90c., $1, $1.50 and $2. White Lawn Embroidered. 75c., $1, $1.25, $1.50, $2 Night and Dry Slips. 25c., 40c., 50c., 75c., $1 Infants' and Children's White Washing Hats.

**R. WALKER & SONS** 33, 35, & 37 King St. East 18, 20 & 22 Colborne St.

**REMOVAL**

We beg to announce to our patrons and the public generally that, owing to our warerooms at 117 King Street West being destroyed by fire, we have opened out new warerooms at

**89 KING STREET WEST**

where we shall be pleased to meet our friends.

We have stocked those large and commodious premises with an entirely new stock of Pianos of the latest and most elegant designs from our factory, West Toronto Junction, and respectfully solicit intending purchasers and others to call and examine them. We are prepared to offer

**Special Bargains for the Next 30 Days**

Thanking the public for their liberal patronage in the past, and soliciting a continuance of same in the future, we remain,

Respectfully,

**HEINTZMAN & CO.**
89 KING STREET WEST.

P. S.—Those Pianos are entirely new, our stock at 117 King Street West being completely destroyed by the fire.

BUY THE

**Celebrated Lehigh Valley COAL**
FROM THE
**ONTARIO COAL CO.**
GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.
BRANCH OFFICES: 728 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, Corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'y

**H. S. Morison & Co.**

**DURING THE MONTH OF MAY**

We intend to make a Clean Sweep of our

**Spring Mantles, Jackets, Wraps, Lace Garments**

and we offer all these goods at bargain prices which cannot be equalled by any other house in the Dominion. A similar price reduction is made in our

**DRESS GOODS AND SILKS**

and ladies who are desirous of buying the most fashionable goods at astonishingly low prices are cordially invited to examine these offers, with the earnest assurance that the earliest inspection will meet their highest expectations and requirements in styles, quality and prices.

We also beg to draw attention of the public to our

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING DEPARTMENT

under the supervision of Miss Flemming. The constant increase in this department is proof of its success. We guarantee every garment, and our prices are moderate.

**H. S. MORISON & CO.**
216 and 218 Yonge Street


### Her First Baking.

Young husband—Did you bake this cake, Maria?

Young wife—Yes, George.

Young husband—Well, you take the cake—

Young wife (flattered)—Oh, George!

Young husband (continuing)—And throw it away.

### Too Dear.

Pat—Axcuse me, sor; but that soort of a burd do yez call that frickled janius jiggin' the parts of spache on the fince beyant?

Farmer—Why, that's a guinea-hen.

Pat—A guinea-hen, is it? Well, be the poipes o' Ballyowen! It's not worth it, so it isn't.—*Boston Courier.*